

COLLED ANGEL ARE





Bailed Angel #8 is by MIKE
Diana, P.O. Box 5254 Largo, FL.
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BOILED ANGEL #8

YES! Boiled Angel is back!!! Here's #8, just in time for X-Mass! (Probably not.) Stuff this in your little child's stocking and then stuff your big, hard cock up that tight little ass! Thanx to all you readers who bother to get this Rag of Sickness & Filth and keep looking for it! Also, I gotta thank Gomez Robespierre for the great cash donations he gave to help get this issue out. And thanx to many other wonderful, godly people for helping out with their cash donations! You couldn't have given to a more worthy cause! Also, many thanx to my pal Steve here in Florida who helped me fold pages, etc. and gave me lots of support. And I thank my wonderful girl friend from Colorado for being nice to me and caring so much!

O.K. Here are some projects I have in the works. Steve and I have a silk-screening outfit set-up in his garage so expect a bunch of sicko tee-shirts to come out under our new company, S&M Graphics! I'm enclosing a free catalog of my Boiled Angel products and some of the tee-shirts we now have available! If you didn't get one or want one for a friend send me a 29 cents stamp. All things listed in the catalog are always available. Order anything and I'll get it to you right away! Also, Steve and I are working on 'The Cannibal Cookbook' which is written by Ottis Toole in Florida State Prison. It'll have recipes used by Ottis to cook (and eat!) little boys and other unfortunate people! This should be an instant collectors item for those into the mayhem and murder books! It's all true (and gruesome!), right from Ottis Tooles' mouth! Write for more details on this project!

Here is an ad telling you where to write for details on obtaining original art work by Ottis!

Cannibal Killer Ottis Likes Boys!

Cannibal Art by America's most infamous
Sex Killer now available to collectors
of the macabre! Write to The Cannibal today!
Order his art! Revel in his insanity!
Send a 29 cents stamp! Write:

Mr. Ottis Elwood Toole
P.O. Box 747-090812
Starke, FL 32091

Can't forget to thank Gerard Schaefer for all his help with the Ottis interview in this issue, as well as the interview I did with him!

*Here are all the wonderful, lovely people and their addresses so YOU can write them!
They all had art, stories, etc. in this issue. I love them all!*

*Jomez Robespierre
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Philadelphia, PA 19134-4831*

*Paul D. Miller
BC 3507
Drawer R
Huntington, PA 16652*

*Steven Cerio
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*Scott Cunningham
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Marks Place, #4RE
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*James V. Scianna
P.O. Box 1247
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*Vanessa Magee
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N2M 1G6 CANADA*

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*S.H. Kristensen
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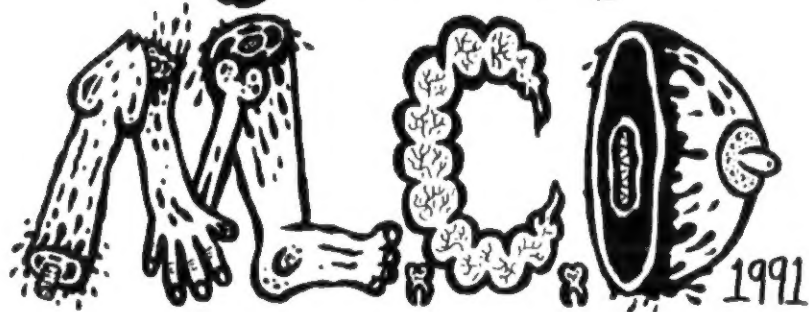
*Ulrich Bogislav
Dipl. Graphiker
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*Ed Bell 77-D-92
354 Hunter St.
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Constant Copin
59553 Quincy
FRANCE*

*Taint
P.O. Box 7150
Waco, TX 76714*

*Mary Lake V.
118 E. Goodheart
Lake Mary, FL 32746*





plasmasol changes
into plasmagel here

temporary
front end





GET A PRIZE IN EVERY BOX OF
JESUS FREAKS CEREAL!! MCD '91



SIMON HELPS JESUS



JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME



JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME



JESUS DIES ON THE CROSS



Fuck the Bitch!

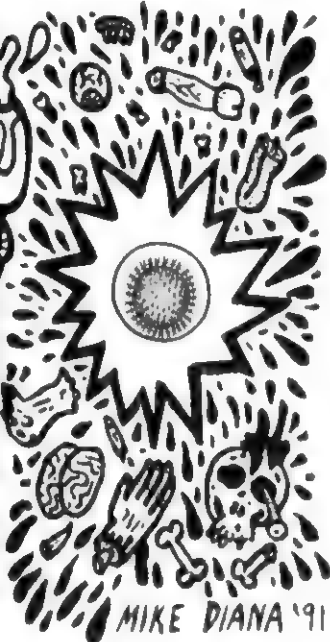
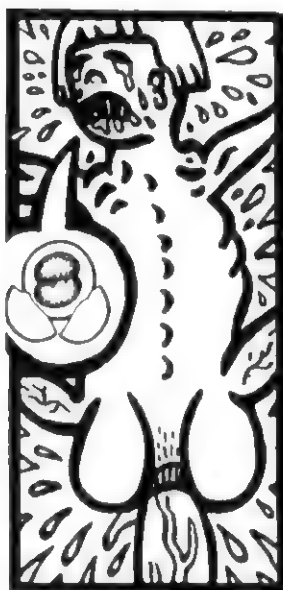
Be sure to
get off on
Christ's
Birthday!



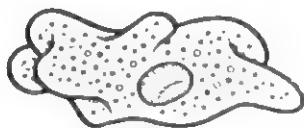
MIKE DIANA '91



zygote sexual reproduction



A parasitic flagellate,
Giardia, that lives in the small
intestine of man, causing di-
arrhea (Drawing, courtesy
Army Med Mus.)

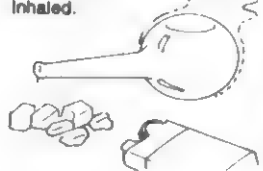




BEDROCK WUZ NEVER THE SAME AFTER ICE!



A chunk of crystal is heated in a special pipe to produce a gas, which is then inhaled.

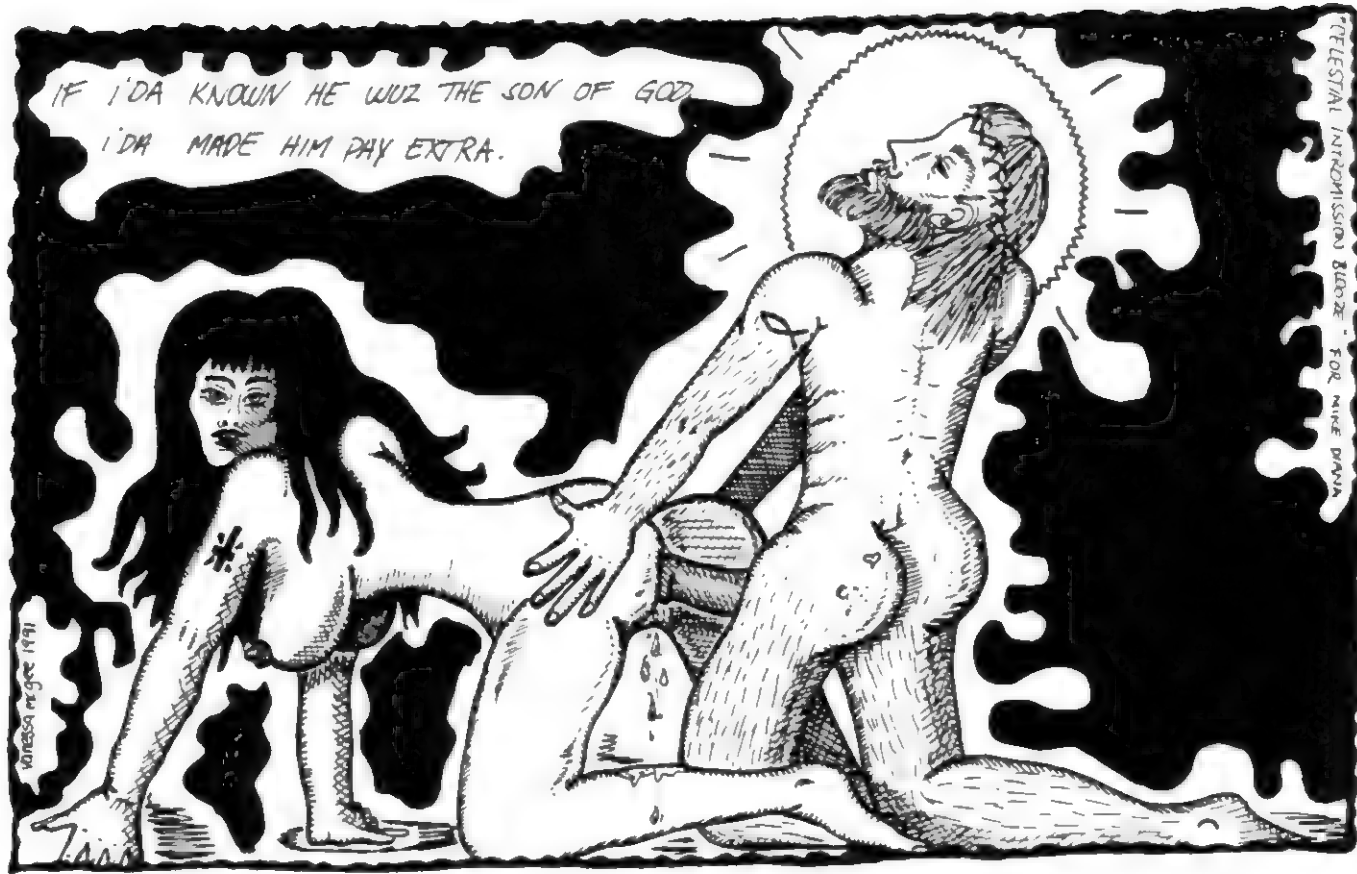


MIKE DIANA '91

IF I'DA KNOWN HE WUZ THE SON OF GOD
I'DA MADE HIM PAY EXTRA.

"CELESTIAL INTERMISSIONS BLOOZE" FOR MIKE PANNA

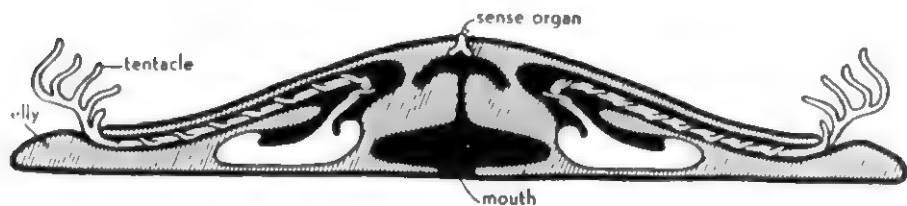
Vanessa McGeer 1991







THAT'S HOTT SEXX WITH ONE HOTT FUCKIN' DAWG! MCD91



Coeloplana, as seen in diagrammatic section. The body is flattened so that the mouth and sense organ are relatively close together as compared with a more typical ctenophore like *Pleurobrachia*. (Modeled after Komin)



JOURNAL YOUTH SURVEY

"If you could be any famous person living in the world today, who would you be?" Here's how 1,000 school children answered.

GIRLS CHOSE

Farrah Fawcett	1	Lee Majors
Marie Osmond	2	Jimmy Carter
Lindsay Wagner	3	John Wayne
Nadja Comaneci	4	Elvis Presley
Toni Tennille	5	Gerald Ford
Olivia Newton John	6	Henry "The Fonz" Winkler
Barbra Streisand	7	Eve Knievel
Cher	8	O.J. Simpson
Barbara Walters	9	Fran Tarkenton
Kate Jackson	10	Elton John



he is dripping in my eyes
 & his ecstasy is mine
 he is thee wing ov my shadow
 he is thee grease ov my tears
 he is twisting in my membrane
 like an insect against thee coffin
 his void is always screaming
 he does not twitch
 his plague ov guttural infants
 make mirrors drain
 make me burn, deform & ooze
 & swallow without decay to digest





Ten-year-old porn-rape victim

Dear Sir:

My-ten-year old niece was sexually assaulted by her stepfather who had a stack of pornographic magazines in his house. The man admits the magazines excited him.

A concerned supporter in Texas



Victim of African sleeping sickness. Much of the laziness attributed to the African natives by the early explorers was no doubt due to this disease, and slave-traders early learned not to accept as slaves Negroes having swollen glands in the neck, a symptom of trypanosome infection. (Photo made in Belgian Congo, courtesy Army Medical Museum)



'I. squatting on rows ov open mouths moist & foul quivering on his thighs he feels them slick & soft at thee edge ov a river pissing into thee waters staring across thee darkness watching for thee stirring ov limbs water smacking strange suddenly there's a drowned girl pondscum slopping sticking to her pale blue form like a fever blister floating on thee water in her pocket aborted babies covered with dust & wet sores wrapped in toilet paper an itching handful to her ears listening for muffled breathing thee luster ov their gentle filth filling her nose placing her mouth over her hand she's crawling into them they're crawling into her she bites down

'II. locking his gaze across thee water her yard-long tongue severed & feeding on rats & smeared with grey mud & hooks screaming as if...

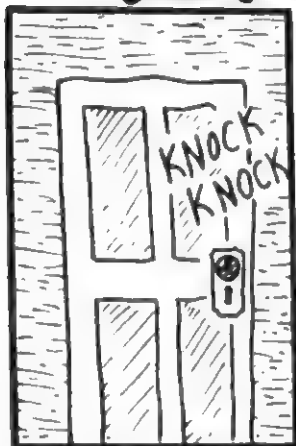
'III. trying to scream thru a blister ov vomit down thee throat trying to swallow suddenly churning melting thee skin behind our homes a mouthfull ov swollen teeth spitting pieces ov clotted blood air rushing into thee lungs lurching back into a sour haze smiling sideways at thee rats licking what's left blistering thee wet earth under thee long black trenchcoat skin encrusted with shapeless grey lumps ov spit hanging like wet hourglasses

'IV. sprawling on his back in a heap ov trashbags thee air thick with thee swarming ov body odours clogging thee pores

its crawling thee creaks
one hand
inside its'
L&V

DINNER DATE

DIANA



I REALLY APPRECIATE
YOU ASK'N ME OVER
FOR DINNER! I MEAN
YOU HARDLY KNOW
ME!!



IT'S NO TROUBLE!
WE'RE HAVEN SPAGHETTI!
WITH MY
SPICEY HOMEMADE
SAUCE!



FUCK THAT SHIT!
I AINT EAT'N NO
FUCK'N NOODLES!



I MEAN, NO O-FEN
BABY, BUT IF YOU
FEED ME SPICEY
SAUCE I MIGHT
GET HEARTBURN!



WHAAA...WHAA!

YOU GOT
A KID?

YES & IT
IS TIME
TO FEED
HIM!



HE'S NOT HUNGRY
HE JUST SHIT
HIS BED!







LET ME BITE YER
ERECT NIPPLES!



I'M GONNA CUM
I'M FUCK'N GUN
A CUM, BITCH!



THAT WUZ GOOD BITCH! I LIKE THE
WAY MY CUM SQUIRTED OUTTA YER
HEAD HOLES! I ALSO LIKE THE
WAY YER TITS BLEED!!

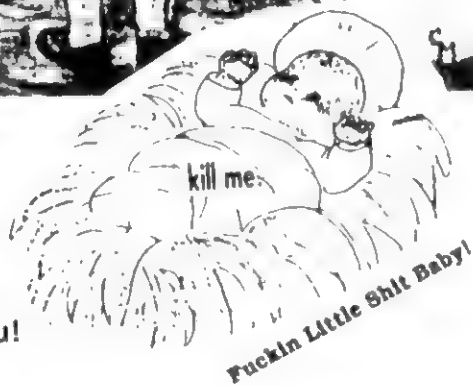








You better not shout,
You better not cry,
You better watch out,
I'm telling you why:
Satan Claus is gonna
beat the shit out of you!



AWAY IN A MANGER!

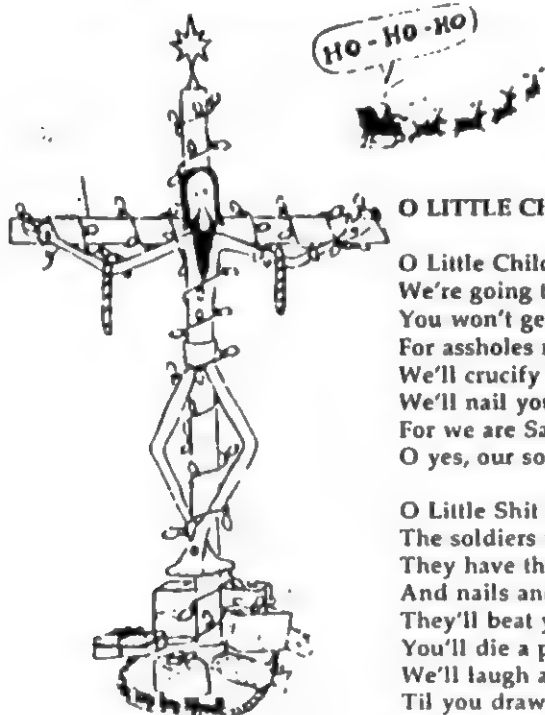
Away in a manger, no crib for a bed.
The Little Lord Jesus gives Joseph some head!
The stars in the sky look down where he lay.
The Little Lord Jesus appears to be gay!

St. Joseph is cumming, his big dick is hard!
He shoots a big load in the mouth of the Lord!
And Jesus, he swallows, that cum sure tastes good!
He'd blow all the shepherds, if only he could!

The shepherds jerk-off as they stand 'round the Child!
Their big dicks are squirting, and he only smiles!
They cover the body of Jesus with cum!
The Three Kings are waiting, they're ready for fun!

The Three Kings are longing for tight baby ass!
And Jesus turns over, he's ready at last!
Their fucking is bloody, their King Dicks are big!
They shoot their loads meanly, in the ass of the Christ Pig!

The sheep and the cows, they want their turn, too!
So Jesus, he sucks them, as good faggots do!
They fuck him and stomp his queer ass in the ground!
And Jesus, he croaks without making a sound!



O LITTLE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM!

O Little Child of Bethlehem!
We're going to kill your ass!
You won't get past your thirty-third
For assholes never last!
We'll crucify you, Jesus,
We'll nail you to the cross!
For we are Satan's followers!
O yes, our souls are lost!



O Little Shit of Bethlehem
The soldiers wait for you!
They have their whips and crown of thorns
And nails and hammers, too!
They'll beat you, crown you, nail you!
You'll die a painful death!
We'll laugh and party all the while
Til you draw your last breath!

WE THREE KINGS!

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing knives we traverse afar.
Field and mountain, moor & mountain
Follow the five-point star!

O, STAR OF SATAN, STAR OF HELL!
WE SHALL KILL HIM, YES, WE SHALL!
WESTWARD LEADING, STILL PROCEEDING,
HELP US FIND THE LITTLE CHRIST.

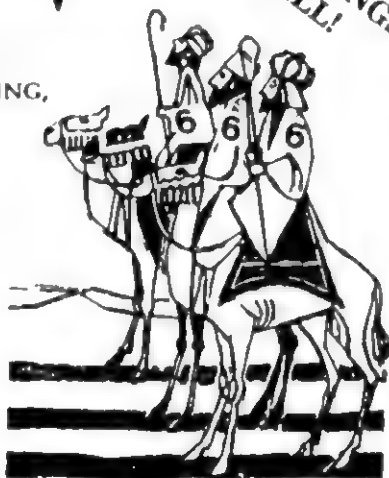
We three kings shall fuck him up good!
Satan asked, and we said we would.
We shall rape him, we shall stab him,
Death to the Newborn Christ!

We three kings, shall fuck Mary, too!
Virgin pussies give a good screw.
We shall rape her, we shall stab her
Death to the Virgin Bitch!

We three kings, shall fuck Joseph, too!
Good St. Joseph needs a good screw.
Up his asshole, down his fag throat
Death to the Virgin Queer!



CHRISTMAS SONGS
FROM HELL!



THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS!

On the 1st day of Christmas
My Master gave to me:
A dead little Christmas Baby!

On the 2nd day of Christmas
My Master gave to me:
One tiny cock
And a dead little Christmas Baby!

On the 3rd day of Christmas
My Master gave to me:
Two little balls,
One tiny cock,
And a dead little Christmas Baby!

On the 4th day....2 gouged-out eyes....
On the 5th day....1 sacred heart....
On the 6th day....1 crown of thorns....
On the 7th day....4 bloody nails....
On the 8th day....1 bloody hammer....
On the 9th day....1 bloody spear....
On the 10th day....3 bloody whips....
On the 11th day....1 little cross....
On the 12th day....1 pentagram....

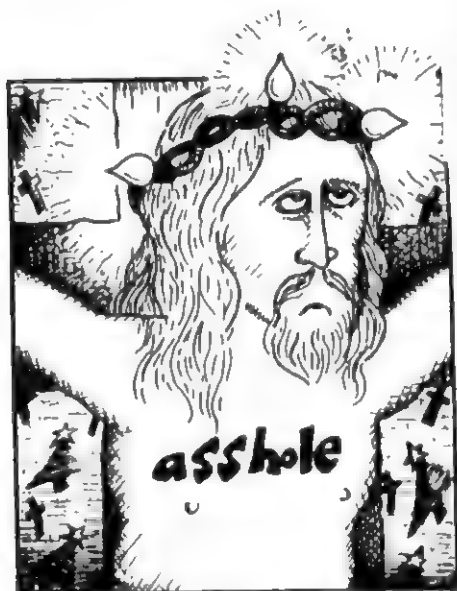


JINGLE BELLS!

Jingle Bells! Go to Hell!
Fuck Christ Christmas Day!
O what fun it is to ride
His little ass this way! Hey!
Jingle Bells! Go to Hell!
Fuck his little face!
Stick your cock into his mouth
And show him how it tastes!

Jingle Bells! Go to Hell!
Fuck Ma-ry this day!
O what fun it is to fuck
His mother Christmas Day! Hey!
Jingle Bells! Go to Hell!
Squirt your evil seed!
Ram your cock into her butt
And make her asshole bleed!

Jingle Bells! Go to Hell!
Fuck Jo-seph this day!
O what fun it is to screw
St. Joseph Christmas Day! Hey!
Jingle Bells! Go to hell!
He's nothing but a queer!
Make him suck your devil dick
Then fuck him in his rear!



FUCKED-UP CHRISTMAS SONGS!



JOY TO THE WORLD!

Joy to the World, for Christ is dead!
We nailed him to the cross!
He lived and loved for nothing!
He preached and died for nothing!
He's just a piece of shit!
A fucking piece of shit!
O fuck him, O fuck him,
Fuck Jesus Christ!

Satan is God! O praise His Name!
He rules the world with hate!
He is our Lord and Master!
Our only God and Master!
Praise Satan every day!
Hail Satan every day!
Be wicked, be evil,
For Satan Rules!

Fuck Jesus Christ! Blaspheme his name!
Hate him with all your heart!
And fuck his holy father!
And fuck his holy spirit!
And fuck mom Mary, too!
And fuck fag Joseph, too!
O fuck them, O fuck them,
O fuck them all!

Sin with your dicks! And pussys, too!
Fuck everything you can!
Take drugs and sell your bodies!
Be hateful and perverted!
Hurt children, make them cry!
Kill people, make them die!
Be sinful, be devilish!
And have a good time!



ADRIAL AUGERASH '91

Have a rotten life!
...love, God

I'm talkin' about Motherfuckin'

REVOLUTION



PIC SWEAT



As we shall see, the next phylum is characterized by the flattened, creeping type of animal. And it is difficult to resist the temptation to build a theory which would derive the next higher phylum of animals directly from flattened ctenophores such as *Coeloplana*. For, although ctenophores are essentially, like coelenterates, animals of



MIKE DIANA IS GOD!

All Hail Mikel! He is the One True God! He is the Lord of Darkness!
He is the All Mighty One! He is the True Center of the Universe!
All shall Worship Him and Offer Him Praise for All Eternity!

All Shall Suck His Dick!

God Michael corrupts the innocent and defiles the pure! He destroys the weak and weakens the strong! He desecrates the sacred and blasphemes the holy! He crucifies assholes!

God Michael Commands: Take this and eat, this is my shit! Take this and drink, this is my piss! Take this and suck, this is my cock! Eat me and maybe you shall live!

PRAYER TO MIKE!

O MIGHTY MIKE, OUR LORD AND OUR GOD! YOUR MIGHTY COCK LOOKS DOWN ON THE WORLD AND CUMS ALL OVER IT! YOUR SICK SATANIC SEMEN EJACULATES LIKE A MIGHTY FLOOD INTO THE CITIES AND VILLAGES, DROWNING MEN & WOMEN, BOYS & GIRLS!

O MIGHTY MIKE, YOUR DEADLY DICK PISSES ON THE EARTH, POISONING THE RIVERS AND THE OCEANS, ASSURING THAT LIFE ON THE EARTH IS NO MORE A POSSIBILITY!

O MIGHTY MIKE, YOUR FILTHY ASSHOLE DUMPS A BIG LOAD OF YOUR UNHOLY SHIT ON THE EARTH, COMPLETELY COVERING GOD'S BEAUTIFUL BLUE/GREEN WORLD WITH FILTHY BROWN/BLACK SHIT!

IT IS FINISHED! THE EARTH IS DEAD! AND PUTRID! AND IT STINKS LIKE HELL!

ALL HAIL MIKE DIANA, THE EVIL ONE, THE DESTROYER OF BEAUTY AND GOODNESS! GLORY & PRAISE TO HIM FOREVER!!!



Arcella is enclosed by its hemispherical shell. The pseudopods extend from the hole on the under side.

Children dial Santa, get porn!

During the recent holiday season some Lund, Nevada children dialed a special Santa Claus number on the telephone but instead got a dial-a-porn number with a woman describing an illicit sex act.



***Wants to be like men
in porn magazines,
10-year-old rapes 12-year-old***

A 10-year-old boy in London was recently arrested and charged with raping a 12-year-old girl. London officers say the child is the youngest rape suspect they have ever arrested.

Police said that after they talked to his parents and took the boy into custody, they searched his room. They found dozens of pornographic magazines, nude photos, and other sexually-explicit materials.

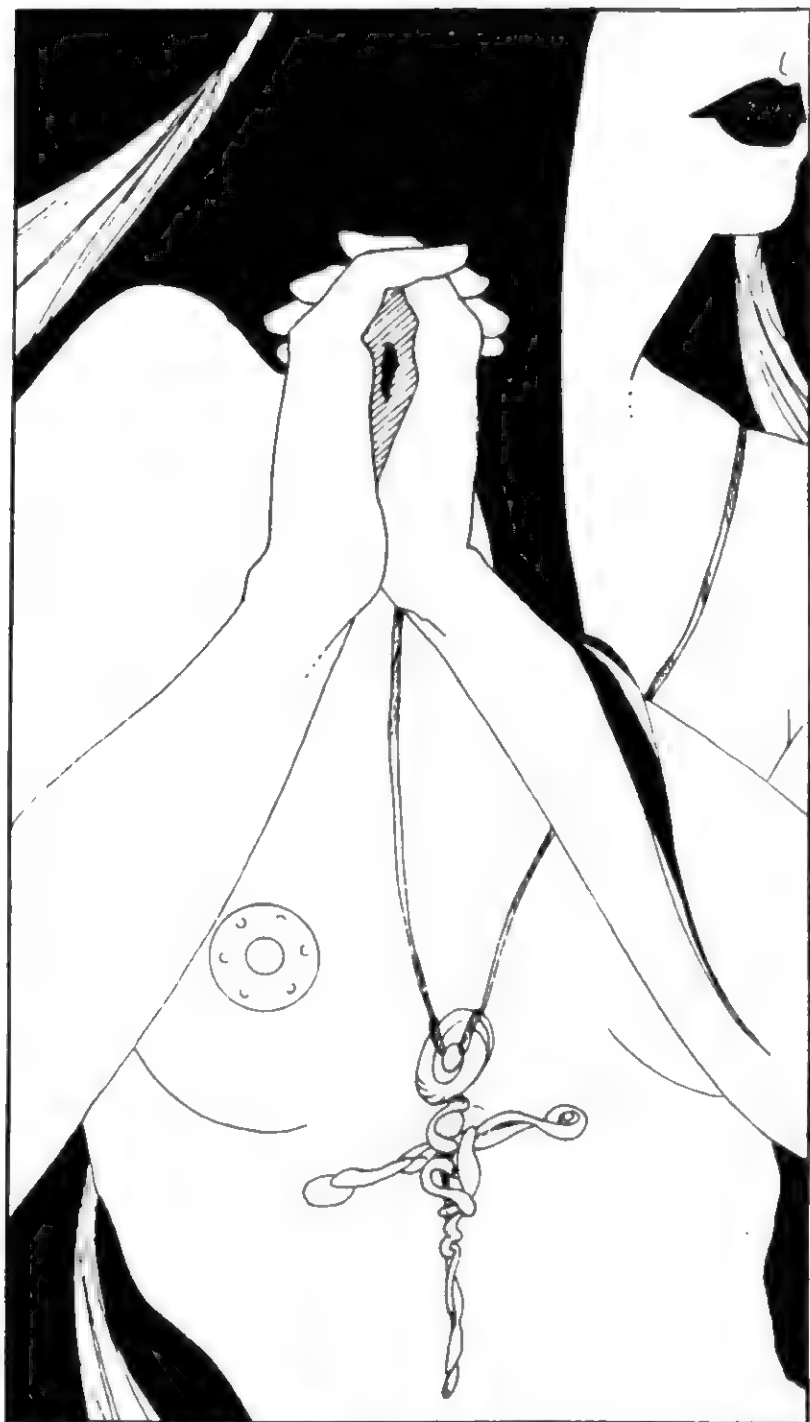






Fig. 50 - Two examples of accidental death during masochistic practices in youths. A counterpoised weight has caused fatal constrictive pressure in each case. The second example is accompanied by transvestite behaviour; note the scattered sexy literature spread out on the ground

taint

BOILED ANGEL interviews G.J. SCHAEFER,

controversial author of *KILLER FICTION*.

By Mike Diana

There's no doubt about it. The most controversial writer of horror fiction on the market today is G. J. Schaeffer, ex-cop, convicted killer and celebrated author of **KILLER FICTION**--the book that the State of Florida says proves he is a homicidal maniac!

I've read **KILLER FICTION** and its sequel, **BEYOND KILLER FICTION**, and believe me, these books must be read in order to appreciate their exquisite and unique impact on the average horror reader. Freddy is dead and that leaves a void that will surely be filled by G. J. Schaeffer's malignant character called **THE GHOUL**--a sex fiend so depraved that he not only kills young women and ravishes their corpses but then buries them so that they ripen for a time; then he digs them up and has another go at them!

KILLER FICTION is a book of unimaginable horrors and it's superbly written in a fast-paced style that crackles and snaps like unleashed electrical charges flashing across the sky. You cannot put it down, you cannot take your eyes off the page...it's unlike any other book ever written in the history of publishing.

I just had to interview the guy who could write such an amazing piece of literary work. I tracked him down and located him in a cell at the Florida State Prison at Starke where he was busily at work on the 13th episode of his new book, **KILLER SERIAL--Rogue Cop**.

MIKE D. Mr. Schaefer, how did you get your start as a writer of horror fiction?

G.J.S. I started doing serious fiction while I was in high school in 1963. I went to a Catholic High School in Fort Lauderdale, St. Thomas Aquinas, which is a school well known for turning out famous characters. I went to high school with Brian Piccolo (Brian's Song), and later S.T.A. graduated Chris Evert, Mike Stanley (Texas Rangers) and pro golfer, Marco Dawson. Those are just a few of the famous people. The most infamous graduate is, of course, myself, but recently I've been overshadowed by Kathy Willets who is probably the most infamous prostitute in the history of this state...but in 1963-64 the good Catholic girls weren't giving up any pussy so I had to direct all my energies elsewhere. I wrote stories. Good ones, too! I won the Senior Class creative writing award for a piece of fiction I did about WWII aviators. No sex. Just guys blowing each other out of the sky with machine guns. Perfectly acceptable stuff for Catholic High School seniors. I found I had a knack for writing and kept at it.

MIKE D. How did you make the transition from **Aerial Combat** to the graphic sex and violence depicted in **Killer Fiction**? No sooner does the reader open your book than you have this Ted character strangling the life out of that sex-pot waitress in Grand Theft. There she is on her knees farting and blowing spit bubbles out of her mouth. I felt like I was in the room watching it happen!

G.J.S. Yeah, Ted wrung that bitch's neck for her! The book does jump off to a violent start but the readers today want plenty of sex and violence. I give them what they want. The bimbo, she uses casual sex to manipulate Ted and attempts to control him. She doesn't realize that Ted has the same sort of casual attitude about violence. Ted wants the money. The money is power; so he wrings her cheating neck and rolls her into the swamp. Casual sex; casual murder. It's what people do to one another today.

I have to write stuff that reflects society today. In 1964 such casual sex and violence was largely unknown to the average person but today it's routine. The transition is a matter of

keeping abreast of what's going on in the real world where such crime drama occurs. My readers appreciate the graphic descriptions of violent crime that I write. I make it come alive, I don't pretty up the scene and make it agreeable to the general public. Murder is a nasty business and I make sure the reader experiences the depraved act for what it is. I catch some criticism for my candidness; I get accused of pandering to persons with a streak of sexual sadism running through them.

MIKE D. I've read **Killer Fiction** and I think your stories would appeal to sexual sadists, are you saying here that your stories are not sadistic?

G.J.S. My stories deal with **REALISM**. The reality of the situation is that there is a high level of sadism incorporated in many murders; particularly sex murders, and our tendency as a society is to deny the existence of the fact that such perversion exists. The killers in my stories relish killing, they take pleasure in their activity. Do you think sex killers do murder and find it unpleasant? I've talked to some of the most prolific sex killers in this state and all of them admitted to me they enjoyed the killing they did. There were certain annoyances that had to be dealt with. The reality of sex murder is that sometimes the victim will vomit, or wet her pants, or get loose bowels, or be on the rag and that's certainly a sexual turn-off for most anyone except a person who may be into a filth fetish.

My stories are not criticized for being improbable or unrealistic but rather they are realistic to the point of being offensive.

MIKE D. The execution scene in **Nigger Jack** is pretty offensive. How much of that is true story material?

G.J.S. Rhonda Belle Martin was a real person, a murderess, and she was executed in the electric chair just as portrayed in the story. The actual fact of the matter is that since electric chairs came into use in 1890 there have been a variety of different type chairs used in prisons around the country.

The State puts out a lot of disinformation about how electrocutions are very tidy and humane but the gross reality of the matter is, that electrocutions are sometimes very messy. I say "sometimes" because each prison conducts female executions in a different way.

I presented Rhonda Belle as a rather cool lady who is resigned to her particular fate whereas the average condemned murderess is in a state of acute anxiety or even hysteria when she enters the death chamber. Excrements become a real problem but in our society this dilemma is unmentionably nasty so the average person has no true idea of how utterly disgusting an electrocution can be. Reading **Nigger Jack** gives the reader an accurate picture of what really does go on in some prisons in the USA. Rhonda Belle gets herself an electric enema but it's not the warden or captain of the death house who gets assigned to wipe her shitty ass. Polite society does not want to even know about it; the prison big shots flee the stink and it's the nigger who has to clean up the mess ordained by the courts. It's real life in the microcosm society of a state prison. The niggers mop up the garbage in the free world and the niggers mop up the crap in prison. It's a basic truth...but everyone seems to be comfortable when such truths go unrevealed in print and because I do address such hard truths I'm regarded as iconoclastic and even berated for addressing things "society" would prefer not to be revealed. Weird, isn't it?

MIKE D. Can you tell us how you landed in prison? Isn't it true that you were once regarded as America's #1 serial killer?

G.J.S. There is quite a story behind my ending up in this dump and although it's a long one I'll try to consolidate it for you here so you can get an idea of what I've been through.

I was accused of killing two narcotics informants in 1972. They were a pair of young women who were snitching for the Fort Lauderdale Police Dept. These two gals, Susan Place and Georgia Jessip, were found in the woods shot through the mouth. They'd

been beheaded and dismembered as well as shot. No rape, no sex crime, just an average killing for dope snitching. Happens all the time.

I happened to have some personal knowledge that the Chief Investigator for the State Attorney was involved in narco-racketeering and I threatened to open my mouth about it so I got charged with killing the snitches.

The Court appointed a lawyer to represent me. The lawyer was Elton Harry Schwarz from Stuart, Fla. I was unaware of it at the time but Schwarz and my wife were having an affair.

MIKE D. You mean to say that your Defense Lawyer was fucking your wife while he was supposed to be defending you for murder?

G.J.S. Yeah, essentially that's it. I have 3 witnesses who saw them engaged in sexual hanky-panky before my trial.

MIKE D. Isn't that a violation of lawyer ethics or a conflict of interest or something like that?

G.J.S. Glad you asked that question, Mike. I was thinking the same thing so I filed a Complaint with the Bar Association about it. The people who run the lawyering profession didn't think that a Florida defense lawyer was committing any ethical violation of Bar rules by shacking up with the wife of a man he was defending for murder. What this tells me is something the average person has suspected for many years: lawyers have no sense of ethics. They are nothing but an organized pack of thieves who will steal your money or your wife and use the law to do it. The other learned truth was the lawyers cannot be trusted to police their own ranks. Anyone who doubts that such is so needs to contact me.

MIKE D. But what about the Conflict of Interest thing? If you were found guilty and sent to prison then your defense lawyer would benefit by having you out of the way so he could move in on your wife. Isn't THAT a pretty obvious conflict?

G.J.S. Yes, it's obvious to you and me and any normal person but lawyers are not normal people. They have no sense of morality or ethical conduct. They are in the positions of power and do whatever they please to whomever they please. I can say this because not only did Schwarz betray me by stealing my wife but he also abetted the use of falsified trial evidence to convict me. He

wanted my wife and nothing was going to prevent him from getting her. He married her right away after my trial and they're still married today.

MIKE D. Can you prove the evidence was falsified?

G.J.S. Yes, and the matter is currently before the courts. It's a real mess, I can tell you, but anyone who doubts this is welcome to send me a letter for more information.

MIKE D. What about the serial killer accusations?

G.J.S. It's really sort of funny how that came about. The State seized 10 years worth of my literary manuscripts. They went through the stories and there were 34 separate murders in the stories so the local prosecutor, Robert E. Stone, announced that I was a suspect in 34 murder cases. That's how it all got started. It's been bizarre from the beginning and it promises to get even crazier before it's over. I've been accused of more murders than Ted Bundy yet I've never even been linked to a crime scene. I'm sure that must be a unique thing standing alone. All the other madness just makes it almost incredible. Nobody could make up such a plot. Truth is stranger than fiction. I'm living proof of that!

MIKE D. Are you saying here that there is no actual physical evidence to link you to any murder anywhere?

G.J.S. Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying. I'll even state here that if anyone suspects me of a murder, or any crime at all, that I'll be glad to be polygraphed or interviewed by the police and if anyone has any actual proof that I've done a murder I'd welcome them to trot this proof out so I can have a look at it. The lawyers for the State had so little to go on that they took pages from Killer Fiction and filed them with the U.S. Court as their proof that I'm a murderer.

MIKE D. That's totally weird!

G.J.S. Yes, I agree but it points up the lengths that lawyers will go to when they have nothing else. I'd say it's a dangerous precedent because when lawyers are allowed to do stuff like this then no fiction writer is safe from the corrupt prosecutor. My stories are sold all over the world. People plunk down 25 dollars for the hard cover edition of **Killer Fiction** and yet I'm still persecuted by representatives of the State of Florida. It's incredible, the life I lead. Eventually someone will probably write a book about me...and that's OK as long as they don't call me a serial killer. I've had my fill of that!

MIKE D. Have you had formal training as a fiction writer?

G.J.S. Yes, I began studying the art of short story writing in 1963. High School Journalism/Creative Writing. I continued studying fiction writing all the way through my graduation from university. I was a student of one of America's foremost writers of lurid fiction, Harry Crews, who has about a dozen novels to his credit. I've been studying my craft as a creative artist continually for almost 30 years and when you read **Killer Fiction** you'll see that all that practice paid off because if **Killer Fiction** doesn't shock your socks off then you're brain dead.

MIKE D. You've recently done some work with America's top horror writer, Stephen King. Can you tell us about that?

G.J.S. I'm really very honored to have been selected to publish a story in an anthology with Stephen King. It was a piece Rhenquist Supreme Court up in Washington. I'll be sure to submit a thing or two each issue. No problem.

MIKE D. How are you progressing on your new work, **Killer Serial / Rogue Cop**?

G.J.S. **Rogue Cop** is the story of Dirty Dan Kelly, a corrupt vice cop who runs a number of crime rackets in Miami with an iron fist. He has a 16 year old sex slave who keeps him warm at night and he owns controlling interest in Miami's top whorehouse. The first episode is called "Freak Trade". It sets the tone for the entire series by establishing Dirty Dan as a vicious killer who arranges for a beautiful call girl to be murdered during a bondage scene. The setting for the 13 episodes is Dade and Broward County. Plenty of hard core sex and brutal murder as Dirty Dan shows us the dark side of law enforcement in Florida.

MIKE D. Are these stories based on any real people?

G.J.S. There are plenty of real people who inspired the **Rogue Cop** stories. The Dirty Dan character I based on real life North Miami Beach cop, David Kelly. Dave has a potentially fatal attraction for young pussy so I incorporated that into the episodes. The real Sheriff Navarro inspired Chief Hollywood Nick and his side-kick "Dave the Thief" is a play on Major David Yurchuck of the Broward County Sheriff's office. My faithful readers are not likely to be disappointed. The stories are absolutely addictive and the second episode, "The Sex Beast Caper", deals with a human monster who rapes, dismembers and eats young girls. Otis Toole was the inspiration for that blood curdling sexual drama and the term "police procedural" takes on a new meaning when Dirty Dan chains a naked teenage bimbo to a log in the swamp as live bait in the quest for the Sex Beast.

Rogue Cop is a first rate, hard-core "cops & cunts" tale that is unlike anything else on the market but my trademark is the off-beat and unique so expect the usual red-hot G. J. Schaefer fare. I knew it was a winner when a prison official came to my cell and told me that if I wrote anymore **Rogue Cop** stories that the goon squad would beat the crap out of me.

MIKE D. State officials threatened you?

G.J.S. Oh, absolutely! It's happened before. They're very down on me because I tell about life in the penitentiary as it really is, not the way they water it down for public consumption. I've even gotten death threats from people who were offended by **Killer Fiction's** lurid portrayal of prison life. What I write truly fires people up. My book has been called "too dangerous for general circulation" by a prominent criminal psychologist. He

claims that a person reading it might be inspired to go out and kill. You know, become a sex killer. I'm always a little startled when people tell me that the book almost scares them to death. I get loads of fan mail. People want to see if I'm a real person, I guess.

MIKE D. Do you answer all that mail?

G.J.S. Yes, I answer every letter. I'm really very interested to know what my fans enjoy most. I encourage and welcome readers to write to me and chat. My feeling on this is that if a fan cares enough to purchase my stories and send me a letter that it will serve me well to listen to what the fan has to say.

MIKE DIANA: Now don't anyone write in and tell me that Boiled Angel fails to deliver. You can't get much controversial than G. J. Schaefer. Check out the ads for his stories this issue and if you want to write to him in prison, here's his address:

G.J. SCHAEFER, 039506

P.O. Box 747

Starke, FL 32091



Be Naughty, Not Nice!

BURN

By Paul Miller

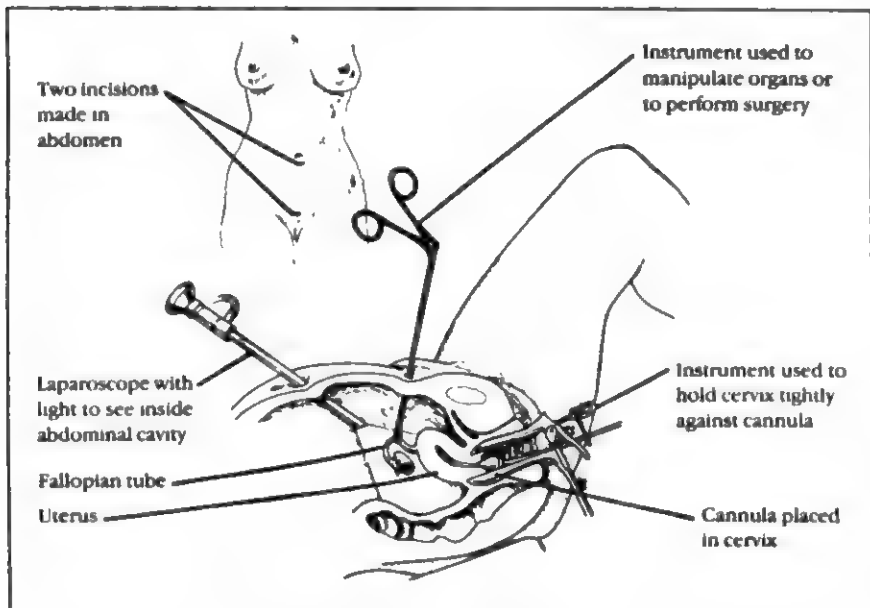
"Stupid Kitty." Harder. "Naughty Kitty." Once more with emphasis. Its face was mottled with blood as It cowered in the corner. "I'm sorry, Kitty," I said as I hugged the trembling animal to my chest. Held it so tight I almost squeezed the life out of the creature.

The cat was dull, stupid, and disobedient and I quickly tired of It. One day I poured gasoline on the loathsome creature and watched It burn. I was delighted in the feline's feeble attempt to douse the blaze by rolling on the floor and entranced as It pawed at the flames that singed Its fur. I stared contentedly at the blackened heap that laid at my feet.

I then became aware of my mother's presence. I saw her look of disgust...revulsion...terror. "Go clean yourself up," she said, her voice was void of emotion.

When I returned, the cat was gone. So too were the mongrel puppy, gerbil, and rabbit I brought home, toyed with, tortured and torched in the months that followed. I didn't mean to hurt them, but they were dull, stupid and disobedient. They had to be taught a lesson. And they looked so funny fighting the fire as I watched them burn.

Mother never yelled, scolded, or chastised me. "Go clean yourself up," she'd say. When I returned, the carcasses were gone. I sometimes wonder if they ever existed.





An Interview With OTTIS TOOLE: The Cannibal Kid By Billy Bob Barton / A B.A., #8 Exclusive

Let me tell you something: As a Crime Beat journalist I've met every kind of criminal scum known to mankind, a few I believed were aliens from other planets. I've interviewed Ted Bundy, who knawed on the naked buttocks of a dead college coed and who fucked the week-old rotting, headless corpse of Denise Noslund in Washington State. The law never got him for that one, Bundy fried for strangling and raping the remains of a Florida schoolgirl. Bundy was so depraved that he radiated evil like a supernova. Pure scumbag.

I've chatted with serial murderess Margie Barfield who had a habit of poisoning her victims. I saw her at the North Carolina State Prison for Women shortly before she was executed. She was a smiling, hymn-singing, Bible-thumping bag of shit who'd make you feel comfortable while pouring rat poison down your throat.

I've talked to the worst criminals on earth--or so I thought--but nothing prepared me for my meeting with Ottis Toole, the infamous Cannibal Kid, who recently was sentenced to a mandatory 100 years in North Florida. I wrote this character a letter while he was in prison near Appilachocola but didn't catch up to him until he was sent to the infamous Florida State Prison near Starke.

The Florida State Prison is built on a pestiferous swamp. The mosquitos almost sucked me dry as I waited to be cleared for entry into this State-sponsored septic tank of a prison. A sweating fat black maggot of a prison cop wearing a shit-brown uniform examined my credentials as the vermin attacked my bare skin. I swatted at the bugs as the insolent toad looked me over as if I was a new arrival for the electric chair. There isn't any species of human being lower than a prison guard. They're far more corrupt than the criminals they watch over. In my opinion, they're blubberguttred, tobacco spitting, animated balls of feces. Only a pervert would work in a prison and at the Florida State Prison I saw these bown-shirted perverts aplenty.

Finally I was approved for entry into the prison and was escorted to the interview area by a swishing, limp-wristed homosexual "Classification Specialist". I was afraid to ask what the pussy-boy specialized in. "He" was a "she" and a genuine charmer. Finally I was put in a little room and bye and bye a chained human monster by the name of Ottis Toole was led into the room by a squad of prison goons. They threw Toole into a chair but left the chains on him. Toole glared at their backs as they left the room. Finally he looked at me; I looked at him and said, "I'm Billy Bob. Is it true you eat people or is that just bullshit?"

Toole looked me over as if I were a Whopper and said, "You look damned tasty. If I had me a knife I'd slit your throat and drink some blood."

I noticed Toole began to drool a bit at the idea of dicing me up for stewmeat. His eyes were red and crazy, he began to pant and hiss like a hungry animal. He liked the idea of munching on human meat.

"They tell me you eat young boys," I said.

"I've eaten my share," Toole admitted.

"Tell me about it," I said.

Toole cocked his head to one side, said in a weird squeaky little voice, "First I go out and catch me a little boy, maybe go down to a mall or shopping center and grab one there...grab him, tie him up, use a gag, put him in the trunk of my car and drive him to my place out in the swamps. Nobody to bother me way out there."

"Did you rape those boys?"

"Yeah, I give it to 'em in the butt."

"Make them scream?"

"Naw, they have on a gag. Can't scream."

"Ever fuck little girls?"

"Sure. Fuck 'em in the butt same as a boy."

"Yeah? Why's that?"

"A girl 8 or 9 years old, her pussy ain't able to take a big dick. She can take it up her butt same as a boy. I prefer a boy. I make his peter get hard, a boy maybe 12 years old, I can make him shoot jizz every time while I'm up his ass. A girl, she don't do nothing. Ain't much fun."

"You fuck 'em, then you kill 'em?"

"Yeah. So what? I like it."

"Every kill any adult people?"

"Plenty of 'em. All the time. Men, women, kids."

"How'd you kill them?"

"All kinds of ways. Strangle some with a belt. Shoot some. Cut some throats."

"I read where you use a Bar-B-Que sauce when you eat those kids. Is that true?"

"Yeah, I have my own recipe."

"Tell me how you cook a young boy or girl."

"After the fucking then you strip them naked and hang them upside down by the ankles; then slit the throat with a knife, slit the belly and take out the guts, the liver, the heart. Cut off the head. Let the blood drain."

"Do you have a big fire?"

"A pit. A bar-b-que pit. Charcoal so there ain't much smoke. Take down the body, put the metal spit through them. Put it into the asshole, through the body and out the neck, wire the meat to the spit, put it on the spit-holder over the hot coals. Damn tasty."

"Just how does that little boy bar-b-que taste, Ottis?"

"Same as a roasted piglet. Boys and girls are about the same when you roast them 8 to 10 years old. The flavor is a shade different when they're teenagers. The boys are gamier than the girls. Give me roasted meat of a boy age 14 and a girl age 14 and I can tell the difference when you use a spicy sauce."

"Ever kill teenagers?"

"Sure. Get a pair of lovers parking in the woods. Easy to catch them. Teenagers make a nice roast, I do favor a rump roast from a teen. Younger ones, I think I'd prefer the ribs. Juicy. Tasty. You ought to try some."

"You're a sick fucker! Anyone ever told you that?"

"Sure. Plenty have told me. I got off death row because they said I'm too sick to burn on the electric chair. Nobody came around to try to cure me. They give me some pill. People eat pigs, cows, horses. I like to eat people. It's good meat, too. You ain't tried it, don't be saying it ain't tasty. You might like it."

"How many people have you killed and eaten?"

"Just me killing them alone or the ones I killed and ate with Henry?"

"You were doing this with Henry Lucas too?"

"Yeah, we'd mostly eat hitch hikers."

"All together, how many do you think?"

"Oh, probably about one hundred-fifty or so."

"Incredible! And the police never caught you?"

"Ain't no police out in the woods."

"Henry Lucas says now that he didn't kill all those people, that he was making it all up. What do you say about that?"

"We killed over two hundred when we was roaming the country together. Maybe he killed more before he met me or after we split. I'd say around 200 for sure, I got over one hundred my own self. Henry said he got about 400 all together, I don't know for sure. I really don't."

"Do you recall any memorable killings?"

"Oh yeah, I remember Shelly."

"Shelly, is that a boy or girl?"

"A young woman about age 20 or 25, around there."

"What do you remember?"

"I got her when she was hitch-hiking in Colorado. I had me an old pick-up truck. I picked her up, took her up into the Rocky Mountains and killed her. She was naked when I killed her. A pretty one. It was in the summertime in 1974 and what was funny is that the police blamed the killing on Ted Bundy but Ted didn't get that one, I got her."

"Ever hear of anyone else being blamed for killings you did?"

"Yeah, I got me a Chinese girl out by Colorado Springs in 1974; cut her throat and she had a friend and I stabbed her up, too. The cop got a guy name of Estep for that case but I did it. Cops don't always get the right person!"

"Kill anyone else in Colorado?"

"Oh, yeah, I remember a girl. Ellen, late twenties or early thirties in age, I got her down by Pueblo, Colorado, we rode east. I shot that one. Shot her through her head."

"Did you fuck them?"

"Sometimes. I fucked them the way I fuck a boy. Make them take it up the ass. I ain't into pussy but a girl's asshole is about the same as a man's."

"Did you eat Patty?"

"No. Not her. I shot her; didn't eat her or cut off a hunk to eat later. Just left her lying dead."

"Were you involved in a Death Cult then?"

"No, not then. That was around 1974. I joined the cult in the 1980's, early 80's. I was in it with Henry."

"Tell me about it."

"It was THE HAND OF DEATH. We were working for that cult and we'd grab little kids for the human sacrifices, grab young women for the snuff movies. We'd tie the women up and haul them to Mexico in the car trunk. the cops don't check cars going into Mexico, only the ones that come out of there. I liked working for THE HAND OF DEATH. They'd let me have the corpses when they were done with the films or sacrifices and I could take a prime cut. We got most of those people from Texas since it's near the border with Mexico. There were several Death Cults down there. I heard that a few years ago the police busted one near Motamoros. That wasn't THE HAND OF DEATH, it was a different one."

"What's a human sacrifice like?"

"Secret rituals, I can't reveal it to anyone."

"Generally. Tell me generally."

"Put them on the altar and cut the throat; then make a burnt offering to the Devil. Like that, generally."

"Who? Women? Kids?"

"Virgins were preferred. Girls of teenage years."

"Virgin sacrifice?"

"Yeah, slit the throat, collect the blood in a goblet, pass it around and drink it hot. Do chants. It's secret stuff. You aren't supposed to reveal it. They make you take an oath for secrecy."

"You drank human blood from a cup?"

"Yeah, it's in the ritual."

"What's it taste like?"

"Kinda salty. Not so good. I like cooked meat. I didn't mind eating the cooked parts."

"Is eating human flesh part of the rituals?"

"Sometimes."

"What parts are ritually eaten?"

"Well, I'm not allowed to tell about it."

"Just tell a little."

"We had a ritual where we ate sex parts."

"Tell about that."

"The women parts were the titty nipples and the hole where the dick goes in."

"The vagina?"

"I guess. It's like a little bag of muscle."

"You'd cut out their cunts?"

"Whatever it's called. A sex part. A hole the woman has."

"What about the males?"

"Cut off the peter, cut off the balls."

"You fry it all up?"

"No, it's put in like a little stewpot. The guy who cooks it makes like a soup or stew. It's a secret recipe from about a thousand years ago."

"Taste good?"

"Not bad. The part of the woman around the pussy hole is like lips. Sort of chewy and rubbery. The balls are damned good when fried. Use a little batter and a fryer and it's a real treat. Crispy. Like a crispy chestnut. Fresh fried balls is one of my favorites."

"What's eating the sex parts supposed to do for you?"

"Gives you increased sexual potency. Powers."

"Right. You believe that?"

"I don't know. I'd prefer to eat the ribs actually but I go along with what's being served at the ceremonies."

"Where was this weird shit going down, Ottis?"

"Mexico. A ranch down there."

"And these were all virgins you ate and cut up?"

"I don't know. Me and Henry would drive up to Texas and collect women. Girls. We'd just catch those we come upon."

"Tell me about that part."

"Certain times of the year the priests wanted virgins for the human sacrifices. They'd say to me and Henry to go up to Texas and collect some. We'd drive on up. Get girls hitch-hiking, pick-up vans at bars, there are a lot of women just walking down the road in South Texas. Migrant workers. We'd get them, tie them up, gag them, put them in the trunk. We fill the trunk, 6 or 8 girls, then go back to Mexico. Down at the ranch the priests checked them for virgins."

"How did they check?"

"Took down their pants and looked at that hole. The hole is smaller on the virgins. Something about that hole, I'm not into women. The priests took the virgins to one building and the non-virgins went to where they made snuff films."

"Ever see any of these films being made?"

"Yeah."

"What did you see?"

"A political movie about Paris, France, in the old days. They had a machine that cut off a woman's head."

"A guillotine?"

"Yeah. I think so."

"Tell about it."

"The woman is strapped to a board. Her neck is locked in between a thing, her head is sticking out of a hole in the board. A big knife drops down and cuts off her head. The head falls into a basket."

"You watched?"

"Yeah, it was interesting. Her name was Charlotte."

"You knew her name?"

"Her movie name, I guess. She was political. Broke some law, so they cut off her head. Blood squirted all over the place. It was an old timey execution."

"Did you sacrifice any virgins?"

"No, never did. Priests did all that."

"You saw it?"

"Oh, sure. We all saw it."

"What did you see? Tell how a virgin is sacrificed."

"The high priest is dressed in a goat costume. He stands behind the virgin. She's chained belly down to the sacrificial block with her buttocks raised and spread. There is a second high priest who has the knife. They do the chants, ceremonies, the secret things I can't tell about. Then the priest in front pulls the virgin's head back by her hair and puts the knife against her

throat. The one behind her steps up and puts his dick into her sex hole and when she screams the priest in front slits her throat. It's all secret rites."

"How many virgins are sacrificed?"

"The main ceremony, once a year, calls for 13 virgins. That's the big ritual. Usually, it's only one virgin."

"Do you really expect me to believe you saw 13 virgins sacrificed at one time? There aren't even 13 virgins left in America. Give me a fucking break, Ottis!"

"It's not all at once. One at a time, all night long because each ceremony takes about a half hour except the first ceremony, at sundown and the last, at sunrise which is about an hour. The first one is a Black girl, she is sacrificed to the Prince of Darkness at the exact moment of sundown. During the night virgins are sacrificed to specific demons. Those virgins are usually Latinas. The last virgin, the 13th, is sacrificed to Lucifer, Son of the Morning; always a blonde girl is used and her throat is cut at sunrise. She's called the Sun Princess. She has two slavegirl attendants who are sacrificed with her, they go with her into the heart of the sun."

"Ottis, you're crazy!"

"The year I first saw the ceremonies the Sun Princess was a teenage girl, a white-blond from Houston. Her cult name was "Taireina" which is "Morning Star". The year I saw it the Sun Princess was American, so was the Black girl, the others were Latinas. I saw the rituals. THE HANDS OF DEATH are a most secret cult; I've already said too much!"

"You and Lucas were involved in this shit?"

"Yeah, but Henry wants to deny everything now because he's trying to avoid being executed. I'm too crazy for execution so I can tell how it really was. Henry killed a lot of people. I know. I was there. I helped him do the murders."

"We're running out of time, Ottis. Do you have any particularly fond memories of your days together with Henry Lucas? He's the one they made the movie about, not you. He's famous, you're a nobody. A prison faggot. What's your last word?"

"Henry is going to be executed but I'll be alive in here surrounded by cute fuck-boys. I have everything I want in prison except I miss the freedom to drive down the highway robbing and killing from town to town. That's excitement at it's best and I miss being able to bar-b-que a boy when I get the urge. I did like to bar-b-que. You can write in your story that anyone who wants to write to me and get a recipe for my home-made sauce, I'll send it free. Just send a few stamps for the reply letter. That's all, honey."

B.A. #8 readers who want to get Ottis' recipe for bar-b-que Boy Sauce can write to him direct. Find out why he's called THE CANNIBAL KID! He answers his mail if you enclose stamps!

Write: OTTIS ELWOOD TOOLE
P.O. Box 747--090812
Starke, FL 32091



"What shocks me may be sustenance for my neighbor.
What causes one person to boil up in rage over
one pamphlet or movie, may reflect only his own
neurosis, not shared by others."
Miller v. California, 93 S.Ct., at 2624 (1973).



TIMES LIKE THESE
by James Scianna

GOD, WHAT A WEIRD FUCKING XMAS THIS HAS BEEN
AND IT'S NOT EVEN XMAS YET

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN REALITY (WHATEVER THAT IS) COMES RUSHING UP AT YOU LIKE
THE LAST FEW SECONDS BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND WITHOUT A
PARACHUTE

TIMES LIKE THESE
LIKE WHEN I TOOK A COUPLE OF HITS OF ACID AND WENT TO VISIT
A FRIEND IN A PSYCHIATRIC WARD AND NOTHING WAS REALLY
HAPPENING AND THEN WHEN I WAS LEAVING AND WALKING PAST THE
VENDING MACHINES...
THERE WAS THIS SUDDEN, KIND OF EXPLOSION OF COLOR THAT ENDED
AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN
LIKE THE OPENING NOTE OF A DEMONIC SYMPHONY SOON TO FOLLOW

TIMES LIKE THESE
KIND OF FRIGHTENING
AND EXCITING

TIMES LIKE THESE
LIKE THE GROUND IS GOING TO DROP AWAY UNDER YOUR FEET ANY
MOMENT
AND GIVE YOU THAT ROLLERCOASTER FEELING WHEN YOUR HEART AND
STOMACH PLAY LEAPFROG WITH EACH OTHER WHEN IT DOES
COMING BACK UP WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT
HITTING YOU LIKE A BUG ON A WINDSHIELD

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DIE
FEARING IT
WANTING IT
TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT
AND NEVER BEING ABLE TO
WONDERING IF YOU NEED TO
THINKING THAT YOU SHOULDN'T
CARING TO FUCKING MUCH
AND NOT ENOUGH

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN THE FABRIC OF EXISTENCE GETS SNAPPED LIKE A BEDSHEET

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN BEING ALONE IS HAVING TO PUT
UP WITH OTHER PEOPLE
AND WORSE THAN THAT:
BEING ALONE

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN YOU SMOKE AN INCREDIBLE THREE PACKS A DAY AND WAKE UP
WITH THE WORST FUCKING HANGOVERS IN THE WORLD
EVERY.
SINGLE.
DAY.
AND YOU DON'T EVEN DRINK

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN YOU FEEL THIRTY FIVE YEARS OLDER
THAN YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE INDICATES

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN THE VOICES AND HEADACHES HAVE A NON STOP PARTY GOING ON
IN YOUR HEAD

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN IT ALL COMES UP
AND IT ALL COMES DOWN
AND IT ALL GOES IN
AND IT ALL COMES OUT

AND YOU CAN'T STAND BEING IN THE SAME OLD PLACES
BUT THERE'S NO WHERE ELSE TO GO
AND YOU CAN'T STAND STARING AT THE SAME OLD FACES
BUT THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO KNOW

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN JOYFUL, LAUGHING CHILDREN
ARE LAUGHING AT YOU

TIMES LIKE THESE WHEN COLORED LIGHTS BLINK MOCKINGLY AT YOU
FROM BOLTED DOORS AND BARRED WINDOWS
BE HAPPY
BE HAPPY
BE HAPPY
BE HAPPY

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN WREATHS TURN INTO NOOSES
WHEN MOTHBALL ORNAMENTS GLITTER LIKE THE MANICURED TEETH OF
A FROZEN CORPSE

TIMES LIKE THESE
WHEN YOU GOT YOURS
AND YOU GOT MINE
AND EVERY DAY THE WORLD'S DARK WEIGHT STICKS NEEDLES IN YOUR
SPINE

AND YOUR TEAR DUCTS HAVE THE EMPTY HEAVES
AND YOUR TREMBLING ON YOUR KNEES
AND IT SEEMS LIKE TIMES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
AND WILL BE...

TIMES LIKE THESE



HOW THEY TRIED BUT COULDN'T GET RID OF:

HIGHBROWED COCKROACH

BY ROBERT BEAPER

NEW!

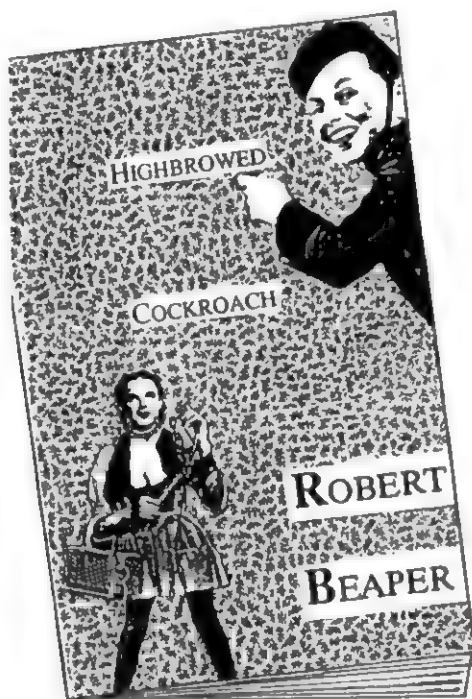
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JESUS IS COMING!!

Somebody get a towel!



DAHMER SEZ: LET'S EAT!







WE FEEL GOOD INSIDE.

We disobey God. We do things that

**HURT OURSELVES OR
OTHER PEOPLE.**

We do things that are not loving. This is called "SINNING."

WE FEEL GOOD INSIDE.

TELL GOD YOUR SINS.

THEN, DO WHAT SATAN

TELLS YOU TO DO.

FEEL GOOD INSIDE.

HEY! CHRISTIAN!

FUCK YOU



WHEN MY MIND HAS REACHED
THE OCTOBER OF ITS SENSATIONS

by

Gomez Robespierre

(1) AMARANTH'S ANTHESIS

The sunrise over the horizon opened up like an erubescient bleeding flower, all velvet and plasma, and I walked into it, past the outer labia and through the inner labia, into your vaginal blossoming cave, your cavernous cunt, the mouth and belly and bowels of reality. . .

I was caressed by little wretched winds. . . splashed with both serenity and malevolence. . .

I can peel myself like an orange, give you a segment of myself. . . a piece of what I am what I've become, and when youre done sucking and slurping and chewing that delicious hunk of meaty fruit, when youve swallowed that abominable lustrous morsel, I can, I will, ram my claw down your gullet and pull it all back up--restored!--and fasten it back onto myself. . .

Who am I? What am I? Where am I? Who are we? What are we? Where are we? Who am we are what is I am where is us?

I dont want your love I dont need your love just spread your legs grab your pussy lips spread them wide-open and inviting-like get ready for the dick get ready for a fuck. . .

Let me fuck you, slut. . .

Let me fuck you, whore--and cry, cry out loud, oh almeah of Anubis, cry out loud, oh amah of Apollyon, cry out loud when I ram you, plunge that blood muscle in-and-out of your steaming stinking snatch; I want to hear you yell and scream . . . , cry, bitch, real tears, real pain. . . wail, howl. . .

Let the pleonastic epidermal hieroglyphics crumble into

strobe-blasts of smooth thigh, of vulvae surrounded by pelage
just begging for the solar sanctification. . .

Ululations teeth gnashing grinding bellowing like a hog
being disemboweled alive dont tell me you love me when I fuck
you harder and faster dont tell me you love me dont tell me
you love me I want to hear you gurgle and moan, I want tears
gushing out of your beautiful reddened eyes. . , I want your
blemished cheeks soaked with lacrima. . .

I dont want you to love me, I want you to hate me; tell
me you hate me; I dont want to be loved. . . Tell me to fuck
you like I hate you; say it, "Fuck me like you hate me! Fuck
me like you hate me, you bastard!" And I will. . . will fuck
you,--not with cheap mercurial love. . , but with passionate
bitter joyous HATE!--And most of all, most of all. . , I want
to fuck the hate out of you, fuck you until the anger the
frustration the shame the envy pour out in shrieks and sweat
and come, thick come from your burning pussy, come like lava
coaxed out of your convulsing twat by my hard swollen dick
thrusting and pumping raw and rotten and unrestrained the
spittle shooting out from between my clenched teeth hissing,
my veins tremulous with angry blood--

And I want you to tear into my back, claw my shoulders,
dig your nails into me, scratch me like a rabid Scottish wild-
cat, shred my back tear away at the skin until flakes of the
epidermis, and even deeper layers, like eraser grains, cake
up under your fingernails. . .

Play me, make me bleed, hurt me, scar me! I want pain,
I want to feel pain--from you! from you!

I want to suffer; make me wince from the pain you give
me; stain our bodies with blood and spit and froth. . , let
the pain roast my brain barbeque my soul. . . Keep my cock
hard and aching, but keep my torments and suffering even
more unbearable. . .

I want you to climax, I want one-hundred of your
climaxes. . . Enjoy the sensory feast!

Fuck me, hurt me; I want to fuck you, hurt you, heal
you. . . make you see me see what I am, who I am, feel me -

my dick, my soul, my mind twisting and writhing inside you
exploding out of every pore, yes, pretty thing, I want to
create you and I want to destroy you. . . change you break
you fix you. . .

Soak up my amaritude and stare at me, lover, stare at
me with your aventurine eyes for as long as you can. . .

Look away if you must; I understand. . . if I were you
I wouldnt want to look too long at me, it's understandable
. . . so go ahead, turn your lovely face away. . .

I'm not your prince charming. . .

I'm not your hero I wont fill your life with the spirit-
ual and emotional and material treasures you desire. . . all
the things you crave. . . --I wish I could be those things to
you I want to be those things I want to look the way you want
me to, I want to act and feel the way you want me to, I want
to be able to give you everything you need--I want to, I
want to: but I cant. . . you wont let me, I wont let me:--
I'm coarse, ugly, shallow, stupid. . . I wear no golden
breastplate; I ride no steed of white; if I had feathery
white angelic wings theyd be smeared with shit, blackened
with soot. . .

You cant have me the way you--and I--want me. . . so
you have to take me as I am. . . a gargoyle. . . seething. . .
my broken skin my broken dreams. . . a skulking ghoul. . .

I am a genius scumbag. . .

I am a saint with dirty feet, whiskey breath, and
stained jockey shorts. . .

I am a sinner with an ample supply of "Get Out Of Jail
Free" cards. . . a transgressor with an effulgent halo. . .

I am an evil eremite who hallucinates the rapture of
the wicked lubricious monks held prisoner in The Keep. . .

I am a bleeding grey rainbow in an achromatic world. . .

Oh, I see the pretty smooth faces. . . , faces aspiring
to perfection. . . , the cutie-pies. . . These do not inter-
est me: I dont find them intriguing or amusing at all;--
scarred blotchy visages with walleyes and crooked noses,
cracked lips and wild hairs growing out of chin-pimples:

these are the countenances I adore. . .

I admire physical flaws. . . imperfections are sexy. . .
but I detest stupidity, especially willful stupidity--that
is deplorable imperfection augmented--the ignorant man,
the foolish woman, quillible persons and individuals who are
poor judges of character: these creatures are anathema to me;
moreover, they are even my enemies at times. . .

The all-star popular pretty-boy who cannot discipline
himself to read a three-hundred page book let alone any
printed word not pertaining to sports is my mortal foe. . .

The dumb bitch who moves her ass so nicely and whose
tits stick out firmly and fully yet nightly shoots up the
full line of sitcoms,--she deserves a quick snappy thallium
execution!--

But still, there can be something for us, cant there?
Something. . . something. . . for me, for you. . . ?

Love? Hate! Pleasure!(?) Pain?(!)

I dont know, but it's there, it's there. . . , it's there
for us and we can experience it; we are experiencing it--the
ineffable "it". . . a something. . .

Our fetid souls amplectant our bodies writhing and grind-
ing and sweating. . . our sexes, miscible. . .

So let's now, right now, die, a little, together. . .

Right. . . now. . .

a fat funky horsefly passes effortlessly into another
dimension forsaking a garbage bucket stuffed to the rim
with putrefying goodies--

::silver wings sleeping in a fleece cage of tenebrous
watery grief. . . sweet frantic eyes howling above crystal
rocks, suspension in the tepid air. . . tender child rid-
ing on the back of the black seraphim sweeping across the
great cottony wads of cloud. . . quiet joyless daynight. . .
suddenly--thunderous laughter reverberating through the
moist green weld. . . hoary pyrope buds blossoming with
the humbleness of the centennial anchorite. . . castle of

pyrrhous pebbles hammered out with the dead hand. . . , above
the hydrophane sunrise of misery. . . the dancing, the
drinking, an exocurated mandarin playing the cheng. . .
the singing. . . my weathered face turns to the youthful
days when night arose like an excited penis. . . , and last
ed. . . full and long. . . the spider-snail knits his
chrysoberyl web above between the palace spires. . .
lachrymose ascension of the sun into the mangled trembling
sky. . . lament of the false breast sucked dry. . . dis-
figured filthy gammer, greasy purple worms amplexant in
their nest which is his matted stinking mass of hair. . .
he sniffs the glass bones. . . the iron clock ticks. . . ,
the albino elephant drinks from the fountain proud, so
proud, but the last, the last. . . gloomy orange flames
at the centre of the egg. . . the clouds, like terrible
happy chains holding the sky prisoner. . . , a dungeon in
the firmament, an oubliette for Sirius. . . rats god. . .
breathing in the dust of forgotten tomes. . . , volumes lost
when the armies marched, banners held high and blown by
robust orgulous winds that left a vespetro taste on the
tongue. . . across the myriad lands and over and through
amber honeyed mountains and crisp smiling pellucid rivers
and streams, waters new and exciting, like an unclothed
nubile prone upon the satin grasses. . . the alligator
host, perverted ten-thousand times into the twilight ram-
page of the toothless drooling slut. . . unrestrained
magickal bursts of crying. . . rapacious, creeping, in-
exorable plaque. . . the pitiful burning invisibility. . .
soft rotten tears falling onto the dessicated ground of
our planet

::wet glass brain contained within blue bone carapace
needles protruding. . . vertigo in a cereal box. . . drip-
ping goo of wasted, incinerated time. . . walnut-sized
bumblebee interlude connects. . . drifting hovering. . .
wax fantasy preserved in formaldehyde. . . mason jars
covered with cheesecloth, fastened with rubber bands. . .

starlight on crystal perverse dreams. . . dreams of purple
snakes honey old shoes smoky isolated booths submerged in
infantile fright--iron pyrope mandarin sleeping in a stink
ing mass of moist pebbles--wads of false hydrophane misery
prone upon the new planet--rotten breast frantic and howl-
ing like a perverted alligator between creeping bursts of
crying--quiet toothless elephant so orgulous so pitiful
burning in the satin pyrrhous grasses--forgotten eyes
dancing--unclothed happy tears like crisp exciting dead
rocks--incinerated azure crystal dreams: vertigo within
wet bonebrain--interlude: drifting rubber snakes. . .
purple sandalwood starlight. . . glass goo in formalda-
hide. . . box within smoky walnut-sized fright. . . wax
needles blaze in phantastic swirling teeth grinding stom-
ach-churning broth haze condemned and delivered, judged
and sentenced, prepared and executed, seen marvelled at
eventually despised denigrated devoured

It's these myopic blank motherfuckers that really
drive you literally nuts. . . cant see past the hand ex-
tended arm's length in front of the face. . . kingdom of
the clones. . . bunch of facsimiles of each other. . . in
curable and incorrigible, they look to each other for in-
spiration and insurance. . . a nod of the head. . . a
"Right on!" or some such fashionable hip street-wise ex-
pression. . . like pigs oinking and squealing, belching and
farting on their way to a rendezvous with the sharpened
carbon steel--but first the cleansing shower, ah, get the
grime off. . . slats in the floor for blood drainage. . .
no destiny. . . just a predictable outcome. . . finite life-
maneuver. . . idiot flesh robots, year after year it worsens,
the breeding continuing, escalating, no shortage of throbbing
dicks or open greasy fertile snatches. . . , the sowing field,
splut!--another cretin exits the sweltering tuna tunnel
like a greased pulp cannonball, a slimy dianthus puling
glob. . . , and dont forget to chow down on the afterbirth,

it's protein rich, essential for keeping the body in prime health so's more more more brainwashed piglets, chromosome disasters, DNA atrocities, can crawl out of the reeking jit cavern and gambol wildly around the lovely sty we call our city and live on this filthy pus-drenched planet which is our homedown farm, yee ha! outtasight, daddy-ol-- tell me more, open my eyes to the Real Scene, the true fluorescent flashing internal organ colours, I won't lie to you, not me, fuck if I'll horseshit my way out of the labyrinth, can not-do, got to strip away the brain's black leather studded chastity belt and allow all that tumid wicked for-real reality to penetrate. . . , a total lucid flash of satori, better yet: strobe satori, continual celeric blinkings of inspiration and enlightenment. . . , non-stop blossoming of the cerebral desert cactus, inexorable stimuli and realisation, dart gun deliverance bullseye the centre of conscious unconscious thought, the congealing blob of being, holy avowed patriarch of experience, it's the only way, throw your gold chains down the gutter, crash your Iroc-Z into a telephone pole, burn your stupid record albums, and hand your wives girlfriends daughters over to me for especial intensive instruction before it's too late, and discard your nigger inspired livery, it's encasing squeezing crushing your physical form cutting off oxygen to the three pound grey telly lord of illusion, plus those aureate rings are cutting off the circulation in your fingers--heads up! gangrene on the way!--so cast off your robes of the Pharisees, and even those of the Essenes, chuck your madras alb, your tunic, your manta, and go unclothed like Adam, like Eve, like the Cro-Magnon man, if indeed he went about unclothed. . . like the beasts you really are grovelling snorting on the diseased ground, you defilers of everything anything possessing purity pulchritude. . . bah! you scum!- opalescent revolving freakshow, get your tickets, free admission to anyone with a criminal record, the platypus-faced boy doing a handstand while eating cherries each seed spat into the gaping mouth of a jaundiced mongoloid retard,

flog yourself wear a burlap bag or hair shirt uncontrollable
itching scratch your sins away shave your head there must
be no attachment, forgot to mention to make sure you catch
the feller who eats used tampons then shits out aborted
foetuses--amazing!--must be seen to be believed or the Por-
tuguese Siamese twins who can beat anyone, absolutely anyone,
in a fair-and-square game of gin rummy and of course there's
Polly, the eight-hundred pound tightrope walker with no feet
and a mouth full of the brownest rottenest teeth this side
of the Apalachians, no kidding, the tykes just gawk, awe
struck, and her sister, Loo-Loo Belle, why, she's got the
longest erect nipples in the world, it's in the Guinness
Book, six-and-a-quarter inches, woo-wee! talk about a tit-
suck, but anyway, no attachment, no craving the material,
the empty meretricious matter, specious junk, a discarded
gold ring is sniffed by a radiation-scarred mangy hound, he
promptly abandons it for a fresh steaming pile of excre-
ment, gobbling it up like Chuck said that one time, the
sun's beams reflecting off the abandoned repudiated jew-
elry lice-encrusted rabid pigeons perched on the electrical
lines shitting to the climax-bomb-burstings of "Oh, say can
you seeeee" white seedy gobs spattering the stinking heads
of the peasants, look up in amazement consternation foul
wind blowing up the flaring nostrils scent of putrefying
hamburger meat, light another Marlboro, crack open one more
can of suds and swill it down, eyes red and cloudy, dance
the "Degenerate Rag" to the strains of polka music locked
in a granite sheen of fructivorous misery cigar smoke is-
suing from the gaping puncture wounds of oily naked adolescent
girls defiled by the night savants dislodged in battle, fin-
gers dark pink and chaffed, nails bitten down to bloodiness
abhorrent multifaceted mountains of trash on every street-
corner, sound of thunder but no lightning, a fetid languor
has you by the throat its vermiform body wrapping around
you slowly. . . slowly,--ohmygosh! it's the dreaded daboya,
a huge venomous Asian snake (gasps!) slowly slowly face
pained with boredom and stupidity, pathetic whiners cramming

their maws with cheese puffs and Cajun-style potato chips and Nacho cheese corn crisps and French beetle cupcakes all from cellophane bags--which they promptly discard over their shoulders--ogling the clarified butter walls smeared with broken remnants of bygone biosphere chuckle standing on the corner waiting for the magic goose to fly past and drop a Fabrege egg into upturned awaiting hands, the dopier they are, the more they try to masquerade their dopiness, their blatant ignorance. . . , the sickening sawny bastards. . . with clothes gleaming metals vehicles trendy sayings electronic devices buzzing and beeping, flashing clicking--falsehood, burning untruth seared onto their foreheads, the brand signifying what they are, identifying them: stinking brainless cattle, drooling bovines blighted with anthrax. . . , from The 000 Ranch, located on a dingy moldy contaminated ball of dirt spinning slowmotion in the great black gelid vacuum. . .

The Truth was cutting into me too deeply. . . , couldn't lie to myself anymore. . . wasn't able to concoct an illusory life for myself. . . yeah, the truth aliced through, the truth of what I really wanted, the truth, hey, the truth, you know, it's like an autopsied drowned woman's pussy: nobody wants to look at it, nobody wants to smell it lick it fuck it--except the truth-fuckers, those mad sages who hunger for ugly nefarious unacceptable ineluctable truth--the truth feared by the general populace the brain-washed zombie goons who skip-to-the-loo. . . la-dee-da. . . buncha deluded fuckups--washed up in the womb; embryonic atrocity; foetal flub; already cursed with caul on the head like a fucking yarmulka of the tweezered constipated rabbi coughing his tubercular clots--buncha fucking nitwit worth less scumbag snots--just like my sister--

"Stuff it in your mouth, you slut!" and I backhand her across the forehead, opening up a recently-healed razor cut . . . we like to play like the pro-wrestlers on television. . .

I swear. . . broads, man. . . , theyll fuck you or try to understand you, but never never both. . .

Tell you the truth, when it comes right down to it, theyre ambace- now there's a fucking word for you!--theyre ambace, man. . . Christ, the whole world. . . life. . . is fucking ambace. . . nothing much matters. . . lowest possible draw. . . pretty much the same old thing. . . it gets repetitious--I mean, youve seen the T Shirts bemoaning the same old squalid stagnant scene over and over again. . . "Same Shit, Different Day"

"You know you want it, baby. Suck it like you want it and love it."

Nobody gives a shit about you: and why should anyone? Why should anyone care?--And dont tell me they cant see youre hurting. . . your soul. . . , your psyche--fucked! . . . youre tired, youve had enough. . .

It'd be nice to lie down with some bitch who actually had some feelings toward you. . . cavalcade of shit. . . brushed off by the very people youre concerned about. . . the numbers dwindle. . . soon, none left. . .

You offer people your friendship, listen to their problems. . . , offer advice. . . you give people things, try and even buy their affections, show them you care, symbolically. . . a few trinkets, tokens of kindness, presents. . . cards and gifts at Christmas. . . , you remember their birthdays. . . , a box of Valentine candy. . . a hearty embrace a warm welcome a firm handshake a broad healthy smile and how-do-you do. . . and always, always youre there when they need you. . . when they need to escape. . . to bend an ear. . . the three oclock in the morning telephone call. . . it's obvious you care, youre feeling something but it doesnt seem to matter. . .

One slip up and youre a leper; theyve found others to cavort with and who will console them. . . you fuck up and youre crossed off their list, in red, big time, baby. . .

"Watch the teeth, bitch!"

Well. . . , you know what the problem is or at least a

large part of it--dont you? You know the deal, right?
Youre not the fresh-faced kid, the cute guy they all want,
the man's man they all want to know and be best tight closest
friend with. . . , the all-American boy. . . youre not the
television pretty-boy; youve got no personality: youre crude
youre unpolished you talk too much truth and not enough bull
shit. . . youre raw-boned stripped-down and that frightens
them. . . terrifies them. . . cant take it. . . , a real mind-
blower--hey, youre not like them nice guys on the tube and
in the motion pictures. . . they always say the right things
. . .

"That's better. . . go easy. . . not so fast. . .
yeah, yeah. . ."

And. . . your longings just get worse. . . it's al-
most kind of nice to know youre not wanted. . . , less to
worry about. . . lots of isolation. . . who knows, maybe
they dont need your fucking brand of kindness--sham it up
yer ass, jerkoff!--Maybe they want to be mistreated!--
treat em like shit; ignore em;--doormats, all {fuckin'
cold-shoulder the lot--huh, maybe theyll come running
after you! [Master say, When you stop chasing Nirvana it
turn ar und and start chasing you!]); wipe yer feet on em
. . .

It all ends up simmering in a crockpot of despair. . .
despair, a common feeling. . . I personally experience it
every day. . . disgust mixed with despair, shaken not stir-
red, is a potent cocktail. . . try glugging that down every
day, one glass after another. . . every fucking day inun-
dated with that colossal maggot piss atrocity. . . who
wouldnt turn to depravity for a little solace?

"Take in as much as you can!--C'mon, you can get more
in! That's right, that's right. . . And massage my balls. . .
yeah, good, ah, yes, yes. . ."

Being ignored, being held in contempt. . . can lead
a man down a crooked iniquitous road through a baneful be-
witched forest to some mighty serious--ah, fuck, I cant fin-
ish the thought. . .

--And you know youre really off your rocker when you

find yourself kind of enjoying it a bit. . . a bit more than a bit. . . wallowing in your own weirdness. . . you look at people and see how insipid how inane and fucked-up they are; the so-called normals, the "regular" persons--theyre the ones whove devoured the world, puked it up, and left it slowly revolving, wobbly, a poisoned ransacked hunk of draggled baseness and ignominy. . .

"Easy, easy. . . yeah, baby, now you got it, that's it. . . right, yeah. . ."

The Vacuous Ones, hey man, theyre our New Gods!--let's offer up sacrifices to them. . . libations. . . immolations . . . suck their dicks and swab their assholes squeaky-clean with a Q-Tip. . . adhere our sucker-mouths to their sphincters and rim them good with our flicking serpents' tongues. . . devote our lives to theirs--emulate them. . . do them one better. . . copy their speech patterns, their mannerisms. . . make sure you shop at the same stores and buy the same clothing-styles;--people are natural-born followers. . . just look at hair styles, for instance. . . no two not the same. . . seems like everyone's afraid to do what he really wants. . . even those who dare to be different are just doing it because theyre under pressure to be different:-- theyre still conforming! . . cant fuck with the status quo, the general consensus reality. . . the hipsters' chic prescription. . . it's dangerous to think for yourself--youd better do what they tell you to do in the movies on television on the commercials in the nightclubs in the punk hangouts. . . better act right! youll be spat upon if you dont. . . , but revered if you do. . .

Me, I'd rather be spat upon; I dont mind mucus, really. . . and I've grown used to contempt. . . an old ally. . . just remember who is putting you down--youll see how worthless their cause is. . . they dont know what-the-fuck theyre talking about. . . I mean the niggers, the spicks, the gooks, and the white trash--theyre on the one side, see? and on the other we have the rich boys and girls, The Conspiracy, if-you will, the Media and their subverted legions: celebrity groupies, gossip junkies, businessmen, lawyers. . . "professionals"

who worship money and gilded meretricious garbage. . . specious
queegaws. . . these pompous slobs. . . cologne saturated jilt-
bags. . . the gens du monde--augh! I'm sickened by them! -
Them and their fucking cars- oh, Christ, their motherfucking
cars! You'd think those cantankerous hunkeying globs of pol-
ished sculpted metal could screw and suck and pay the bills
and hold a conversation and predict the future and guarantee
life eternal! . . . radios and tape decks blasting. . . roar-
ing through the city, mutilating the air and disemboweling
the moribund peace-and-quiet. . . fucking scumbucket sleazes
. . . crummy pricks!

Ford's the most heinous criminal in history!

Put old Schickelgrubber on a pedestal! . . . name a bridge
after Stalin! erect a museum in honour of Ed Gein! and one for
Saucy Jack, too! Street names for Zodiac, Green River, Bundy,
Manson (no, an avenue for Manson), Ramirez, and Gacy! a
zircon encrusted obelisk for Marc Lepine! and minarets for
Richard Speck and Howard Unruh! and some cozy city parks, com-
plete with lovers' lane-type niches equipped with benches,
for Charlie Starkweather, Harvey Glutman, James Huberty. . .
and, of course, Sam's Son. . . and for cryin'-out-loud,
let's have an Albert Fish Memorial Highway Rest Stop! it's
long, long overdue!

Lee Iacocca!--a villain for our times! And if I ever get
my hands on that son-of-a-bitch Toyota, or whoever's responsi-
ble for propagating that line, I'll rip his Jap balls off
and pound them up his ass!!

and their maturing bonds and T-bills or whatever the-fuck
they're called and stocks and stereos and condos and hi tech
furniture and New Age religions and cool snazzy nightclubs
with their "happy hours" and nouvelle cuisine and and--
sickening!--and you can't blame me! you can't! -you've got to
be a numbskull not to see I'm talking sense here! . . . a so-
ciety of gluttons and libertines--all quite upscale and ultra-
modern, of course, with their long hair in neat-o pony-tails!
The hypocrisy!

"Yeah, pull the base slow, yeah, milk it honey, yeah. . .

take in as much as you can--ah, yeah. . . oh, baby yeah. . ."

Bloated filthy bastards. . . --yet the other ones, the ghetto rats. . . , they're wearing the finest threads, adorned in the latest chic accoutrements. . . eighty-nine dollar sneakers, diamonds in their green teeth. . . , Rolex watches. . . and yet the pricks don't bathe! they fucking stink! especially the niggers! and the spicks! and the slant-eyes! and most of all the lousy illiterate dirt-neck pea-brained oandy-legged red-nosed cockeyed harelipped flea-chewed scabrous tattooed white fucking trash!--stench of human hoppy-toads farting and burping. . . yucking it up, flashing their gold rings and chains. . . swaggering around in sixty-dollar pre shredded pre-holed(!) fashion jeans. . . fornicating to the mambo beat!--turn up the volume, Enrique! . . . spread you legs wider, Lakeesha! . . . hey, Maribel, shake dat big butt, girl! That Carlos, he be chillin' w'his new car. . . , yeah, he sellin' caps, he down on it, syke! Hey, Rutchie, you seen my old lady? where-the-fuck is that bitch?! I'm gonna fuck her up if she comes home all dusted-up from Margie's house! My fuck-in' kids are hungry!--and I can't make em somethin' t'eat: my bad back! it's killin' me!

Turn it up! Louder! Louder! Faster, faster! Wilder, wilder! The World On Full Hard!!

Nauseating, one and all!--the successful career people jammed into their jobs and their lifestyles, like cocks squeezed into prophylactics. . . prosaic, synthetic, numb. . . perhaps worse than the "poor unfortunates" they keep afloat (praise Welfare! Hallelujah!--and praise the ever-thriving cocaine industry!--yowsa!) in the miasma the morass teeming with entrails and offal, eyeballs and foreskins, tampons and turds, bloody pudenda, gold sunglasses, aborted fetuses and withered crack-babies, Big Mac cartons, Miller quart bottles and rolling papers, Bart Simpson and Mickey Mouse T Shirts. . . , Walkmans (there's another motherfucker I'd like to throttle: - just lead me to the slavering corporate brainiac-lackey who invented that monstrosity!). . .

The desolate, deranged mutant scumbags keep their maws stretched wide so as not to miss even the smallest morsel,

the most microscopic iota, thrown to them by their provider, their keepers. . . And you, Mr Taxpayer, are just another poor drudge who has to clean the shit from these monkeys' cage. . .

And I havent even touched upon all those rejects and unequal citizens who lie between the two aforementioned extremes: I'm saving that for another time. . .

Gridelin hippopotamus surfaces and gulps down one of the floaters. . . sacerdotal individual. . . high-priest of the hoi-polloi. . . wears a mouton uniform with some kind of bishop's mitre . . . and sateen slippers. . . a multiplicity of ersatz medals for feigned bravery. . . snout nosed moppets shoplifting packs of chocolate chip cookies and sugary fruit juice drinks and chewing gum and condoms from an all night convenience store. . . the vampire waits patiently on line; all he wants is a bottle of window cleaner. . . glibrous oiled Negress riding a vicuna across the pampa (Kentucky bluegrass) toward the horizon the sun like a coin just removed from the inner recesses of a campfire. . . daynight so fierce; daynight so elegant and refined. . . she rides on past a sachem liveried in organza armor sporting a designer monocle; he raises his right arm, palm facing forward, says, "How!" and gulps down inner recesses of sacerdotal liquid being. . .

Tourmaline harlequins dance a morris. . . beneath their feet, within the soil, the banded damson worms work their way through their labyrinth silently slushing and sliding. the house that Jack done built myelitis in the frame of the eldest dancer, once a satrap with fifteen teenaged girls to sate his physical desires now a dissipated gafer, almost entirely toothless, with only inexorably fading memories to mollify his hungry parched brain. . .

The ortolans are served with bottled Vichy water and wines from Limagne and Rousillon. . . candlelit table. . . chairs of osier. . . carefully folded serviettes. . . gleaming argent cutlery. . . the eunuch plays the recorder. . . sighs tinged with myrrh and muscadine. . . gusts, whirls of rocking iridescent sand. . . blinding the eyes already unseeing. . .

the heliotrope worms working their way through the rich, ebony loam. . . the sumptuous gastronomic orgy. . . stir-fried kabera. . . its spirit howling from a calcimine mountain peak. . . dolphin steak in a puddle of garum. . . botany for dipping embryos. . . roasted oxen and calves basted with the menses of caged Oriental virgins. . . suckling pigs stuffed with ground partridge meat. . . leverets and bustards boiled in a vat of dark bitter beer and served on a bed of ground orthoclase. . . hogsheads of mead. . . broiled buttocks of obese feral children fattened with buttered bread and spiced cheese. . .

Snapping beak of hairy cannibalistic mutant bird that has just devoured its own young. . . tender tawny flesh of nubile human mother, she has been observing the bird, fascinated, transfixed by the spectacle, juices in her brain percolating, the newborn lies in her cradled arms a teal in its mouth, the mother's face twists contorts lip curling in an inimical smile her mouth opens and her teeth close around flabby flesh of the baby's torso, her teeth, upper lower, meet, her mouth filled with meat, hot red fluid under the steaming white sun the savage grin delicious tastes upon the tongue, her eyes rolling up into her head, ah, the ecstasy, vibrato shrieks of the infant. . . echoing across the glen. . . , plangent squeaks splatter the firmament the girl licking the chewed wet quivering glob. . . takes another nuzzle-sized bite her tits soaked and slippery. . . , stalky weeds bending to a slight breeze. . . crunching the delicate pretzel stick bones. . . sensational eclipse of the life thrust. . . , rushing water over viridescent slimy rocks in the distance. . . , squirming madpappies blowing bubbles just for fun. . . peristalsis in her gated pit. . . , sucking on the vertebrae bones like jawbreaker candy, spitting them clean onto the verdant carpet, throw her head back laughing face smeared with blood and shards of flesh, pieces of inner organs. . .

She makes a fist. . . , up springs the middle finger, she inserts it into her mouth, latches up, aroma of raw meat

sucks on it lowers finger between her legs rubs her clitoris
falls onto her back rubbing rubbing staring at the sun teeth
clenched blissing. . .

Insalubrious yellow vapour wafting low across the city
mindfucked decaying empire effusing delirium of stale dreams
the glowing alembic churning out blind white mule whiskey
by the ceramic jugful twisting curling spiny haired vices
with greasy dripping cerulean flowers, a mutated relative of
the oleander (a dianthus hummingbird hovers near, syringe like
beak dipping into the polleny nucleus) vermell stamens pulsing
wet at the tips corundum anthers ablaze harsh enamel glare
of the crazed butcher-god, GatonoX, digging his own grave
erbium opalescent cross for a headstone verdigris on the eye
lids of the slain virgin entombed with wooden phallus found
in the heart of secrecy slow dripping from the roof of the
universe, like pus from a gonorrhea'd prick, the excruciating
wait for the next frothy putrid droplet to fall. . . limer-
ing pain: shut your eyes, pretend it's not there that it'll
go away and leave you to your devices. . . curl up in a
fetal ball, suck your thumb, cry to mommy, ask her to pil-
lute the sledgehammering drilling grinding. . . like sand-
paper scrubbing against the brain. . . soft faint buzzing of
the reconstituted soul ready for requiditation (begin count-
down): -cheering and much hoopla from the peanut gallery. . .
cute smooth bright freshly-scrubbed faces smiling smiling,
ah, those enameled pearly-whites scent of feminine sweat
emerging through the coating of deodorant, five oclock shadow
underarms, aroma of dick-and balls warm jockey shorts dis-
charge stained cotton panties freckles on their lean shoulders
lips moistened. . . viral saliva. . . rocklike dark dismal
terror strung by its webbed vulture's feet from the star
astites crinoids on her waterlogged corpse. . .

"Whew! That was good, baby, real good. One of your best
ever. Now get the-fuck away from me before I break a few
more ribs."

No-one, at least nearly no-one, has anything of value to say, and this is because no-one has anything all that interesting going on in his or her brain. . . That's why I'm so reticent. . . , aloof. . . it's not conceit or a superiority complex (though I readily admit to being brighter, more intriguing, funnier, wittier, more charming, a better person all-around than the average commonplace schlub. . .); it's merely lack of interest. . . who wants to talk to a dullard? the prosaic, the mundane, the acceptable expected perfunctory quotidian--these "attributes" bore me. . . ipsofacto, persons who engage in chatter about vacuous topics are also worthless. . .

When I hear sports I turn on my heels, lover. . .

I dont want to listen to you bitch and whine about your boyfriend girlfriend wife husband. . . I simply dont give a fuck. . . got my own problems, y'unnerstand. . . dick could be bigger, wallet could be fatter, vision stronger skin prettier general health could be improved, habits vanquished. . .

And please, I beg of you, if you have any mercy whatsoever, please dont dont dont talk to me about pregnancy and babies. . . if youre a broad, tell me about the different ways and methods you use to get yourself off when alone. . . soda bottles, garden hoses, shower massages, G.I. Joe Action Figures, bananas, cucumbers, zucchini, hands and fingers, pet coatl mundi (aptly trained), baseball bats, fishing rods, blackjacks, lollipops, electric toothbrushes, the faithful dildo or vibrator. . .

Oh, and I really dont mind listening about what kind of guys you like--really, no kidding. . . some cutesy braindead morph, no doubt. . . with a cool set of wheels. . . a well defined body and a well-defined bank account. . . the phony jock who never cries. . . who gets in a fight every three weeks just to remind everyone about and to re-emphasize his machismo. . . the latest, and I mean up to the second latest, clothing styles. . . yeah, whatta guy. . . be hip, ya gotta be, it's necessary. . . afraid afraid afraid to step outside of yourself and defy the mold youve been cast into, re-

indicate the lessons you were so thoroughly schooled in, assure The You. . . so easy to be a clone; no sweat; no having to prove Your Real Self, no having to really think things out, exhaust those thoughts completely. . . you don't like t'hear it, huh?--Do what you're told; do what they tell you to do--no questions! . . .

If you see it on television, then it has to be writ! The streetcorner punks with their smirks and their baseball caps and visors cocked to the side--what shit!--they hold all the answers, the Diamond Sutra Tabernacle. . . fucking dick-heads--ant even answer a simple question without looking to each other with mouths agape. . . searching their memories for the right catch-phrase. . . a forced laugh; it would be pretentious if these oafs were capable of ostentation! seeking approval from each other. . . a fraternity of deluded disillusioned flesh androids. . . like, what's next, man? The throwaway society. . . everything comes easily. . . something for nothing. . . Ignorance is the convention, stupidity and blindness reign upon twin thrones set atop the slag heap. . . Hail the stench of shit! The hot new perfume! spoon fed their own vomitus, they grin wildly, like retarded zoned out on psilocybin. . . chunks of barf caught between the teeth, the gums. . . breath that will float you away. . . give yer baby a big wet sloppy kiss. . . Hey, mama, you move me. . .

Emerald wrasse and sapphire amphibious marten and rubicund purring blind eels asleep in underwater caverns frantic pain dripping steadily dreamily from beneath the vulcan slabs of tension and unbridled strength. . . wheel leaving a preleant animated slime trail on the speckled elephantine opals. . . shadow noises slipping over and through the crumpled submerged brick structure, a sacrificial temple whose walls are adorned with malachite symbols and crosses and mandala. . .

Above, the black damp morning leaping free and unrestrained. . . overwhelming presence of everything, everythought . . . the long tresses of wild dirty girls. . . hanging and trapped in the brambles, trees, gooseberry bushes. . . echo

of grasshoppers and locusts bounding from one thin blade to another--damp rocklike strength strung and trapped in caverns of wild frantic pain--vulcan shadows over and through leaping locusts--webbed morning dripping dreamily from free noises of emerald presence--terror tresses and vulture's unrestrained sapphire echoes--dirty rubicund crosses--thin blade slicing evening purple sky. . . murdered sunset straining out the last few notes. . . rising wind of remorse and shame. . . guilty skin hangs limp above viscous mephitic puddles glimmering with water fleas and mites. . . sweet fuming graves of cruel virgins cast into a netherworld prematurely. . . flourish of ivory tusk-trumpets. . . deaf ears blue and soft. . . rusted hunks of metal lie on the rich dark soil worms pop! out and writhe to the bagpipe serenade. . . aroma of hope. . . swollen larynxes that cannot birth sound. . . throats lumpy with tumors. . . a taste of hot blood so luxurious. . . phlegm and pus clog the esophagus. . . tumid lips cracking. . . organdy shroud over the still body abandoned in the narthex. . . ghostly figure wrapped in a marquiseette shawl hurries off, blessing itself. . . vireo flies into a spinning niobium fragment of condemned bitter time. . . aporrhoea issues from the anal opening of the corpse--blue timid lips around viscid spire of rusted time--pus puddles and cruel slicing aroma--dark ghostly wind cracking throats of virgins--lumpy sweet hunks of niobium soil--sunset of hope flies into a spinning flourish over abandoned graves into a netherworld--

I am standing before the accursed Fountain of Tiamat, here in the centre of Ninevah. . .

My pockets are stuffed bulging with silver. . . ahead: the wicked road leading up to the steps carved into the mountainside. . . the steps carved into the mountainside leading up, up. . . , to the top. . . and at the top, in a fortress-like laboratory-shack. . . he lives--if it can in good faith be called living. . . with his nostrums and incantations and spells and curses. . . the necromaniac. . .

His ruby goblets, zircon chalices, beryl beakers. . . vials and testtubes. . . filled with powders and fluids and

behors the colours of which the brain cannot understand or accept. . .

Secured in huge oaken boxes. . . kept beneath the floor boards or under trapdoors or atop shelves are his many volumes, brittle with age, discoloured. . . the tomes. . . grimoires in which are written things too chilling and abominable to even dwell upon. . . yes, his sacred magick books! his books!

His dark, weathered, languid limbs. . . his creased sclerotic countenance shaded by the hood of his tattered thickly hewn robe. . . stained with countless potions and liquids. . . He shuffles through his dwelling, murmuring incessantly. . . sometimes talk singing in a frigid wheedling voice. . . Is he expecting me?

The gate to his parlour is chained. . . iron forged and hammered by mute, castrated drones. . . brainwashed Manicheans . . . lured to his crypt-of-a-house with promises of wisdom and enlightenment and admission into the fraternity of the Ancient Supreme Eternal Ones. . .

His veins are filled not with blood, but with his own transmogrified winnowed brown oozing sand liquified rendelivium--one of his earlier experiments which he feels will prolong his lifespan. . .

I am but a few steps away from the summit. . . the windows are covered with oilcloth and ominous symboled paper stolen from poisoned Sumerians in their death throes an unbearable ululation the screams, the agony, the protracted pain. . . slow, horrible death misery! misery! lapping it up and praising They Who Reside In The Darkness. . . The glory of torture! of mayhem! of murder so foul and despicable!

But will he know? Will he know the whereabouts of my father? I can see the fountain: it is a mere speck; I can see my own Self: with vigour I attack the blind mold dancing upon thin plates of cereum light. I have blood's vengeance no realizing my own reflection vibrating with diamond empyreanness; the mirror reflects against splendid reflective entanglements the spitting nebulae sparks. . . a painful memory but I have braced my death count. . . and I shall remain content of the fountain. . . my bells the holy bells of

polite . . . connoisseur of the plaque burred in the
hills by an agrarian society superstitious of burning their
dead . . . frost . . . frost from the weeping empty valenotomies
and byssus and minkoon and silk robes, albs, gowns, dalcanties
lying in piles hanging upon rusty nails . . . desiccated
crusty plain of skin peppered with excrescences . . . pock
marked and defiled by ordure and sundry waste . . . the sounds
of a raita coming from . . . somewhere . . . rumble across the
sky . . . muck and waterweeds leeches slither from hair slime
cake pop! fingers into the soupy air crashes through starless
welkin sticky torso gazing half-buried palms pressed together
semblance of composure the blackest hour at midday adhered to
gently boiled flat spots on shoe bottoms fluid jade depths of
cartoon character telephones spread on hot toast jelly-farmer
scalpels riding atop her favourite unicorn suggesting burnt
entropy white pillow tongues lick the king's sceptre my plastic
opaque amber vial crumbling dog sirens firewax torpor creameye
slobberdoor gamecandle nut pulchritude mousecloth catjaspar
sweatlimemory fellationwardvark wallrazor

I'm digging for grubs in the frozen red soil overcast sky mak
ing bubbles in the bloodstream . . . microscopic spiny neo
plasms on the inner walls of the aorta mica particles glisten
on the outfolded labia osculation by the now fully astral
fully-transparent NEW RODIDHARMA fragmenting . . . splintering
fuzzy dry seedlings ride the yellow wind journey out through
midnight brightness across depthless pools of cymophane
semen . . . tongue collects the sparkling fragments . . .
electric shudder of pleasure beasts chewing cud in pliant
meadows of sunthetic paper grass her bruised face, her lac
tating tits, her stretch-marks her stretched cunt, -a pole
from the bundle snug and safe on a pile of moss beneath a
flowering Judas tree the almost-invisible lines and the
shadows of sorrow beneath her eyes . . .

[2] LLAMA_EMERGENCY_DREAM

Polished shadows stretch out across the winter sun
set . . .

thrashing the sopping hammer slapping curved buttocks air mild
oozed crazily across her gilded forehead,- translucent
feathers cooking in the depths of numbness.

She yawned and smoked a nervous filament then col
lapsed thick eternal topaz smoke. . .

The clanging cool fortune. Three ring circus. Unbear
able fabric of ceratoid all. For the naughty only, please.
Time like a rose's juice. Coronation of the head. Day
oles, fourth king of Numidia, walked around with a pylon
naise jar full of tetanic nails. The thumb hung in her bush
up to her waist nuzzling the dream button.

Nipples rising in loose possibilities. . . loud freezes
dry your hydrophane eyes up to the eleventh floor,- years
ago the embrace melted like wax
she unzipped her cunt and rubbed her uterus with one hand and
with the other rubbed her large smooth fiat areola hot man
ipulation against unbelievably toy innocent minutes mashed
into a trick meat rape thrill
chopped distortion climax riding the electric mutant wind.

And my swollen prick slave. His mother, a real hog.
She fucks anything. A total appetite for cock. Her oozing
pleasure canal. That slut, ready for it. The crack of her
ass stinks. Really stinks. Cheap two dollar strumpet. Big
ole tits with silver-dollar nips. Many a stiff cock slid
between her fat fleshy orbs. Her big skin gourds. Love that
slob's jugs, man. Slide it twixt those tits!- Get it going
good! -Yeah! fuck those tits!-She expels a mighty cunt fart!-
a turd slips out of her fuming rectum. I slap her silly.

I make her glug down half a-bottle of cough syrup.
Then again slap her heavily-mascara'd face. Painted tramp.
She licks her lips. Shoot hot slippery jit on her stretch
marked abdomen. She wanted me to spurt in her mouth. That
pig wanted to guzzle the goop. Big disappointment! I elbow
her in the gut! Hard! Stuff a coupla bucks in her mouth.
Rape the caustic soul. Rip the fake gold earrings out of
her lobes and scrape her pussy lip with them. Some blood.
Nice, nice. She's bleeding, she's bleeding, nice, nice.

She's thirty for p Busting lotta

dirty whore. . . , I'd love to knock her up and eat the slimy newborn at the moment of expulsion. Vagitus and then my teeth in its fresh flesh a ferocious kitchen anger grappling with the infectious blanket of enigma. Choking and coughing on my hot lemonade. Went down the wrong pipe. Thirty minutes of potent face noise she fucks anything that stinks. Beat that bitch beat that bitch. Sparks from sludge parametres. Fuzz torpedoes subdued by high emotional content. Ferocious doses. Slick energy. Prick climax riding her fuming rectum a real appetite slips out in chaotic confusion. Hamburgers skipped her clit but not the flies. Fat chopped gourds. Puncture wounds a bedfulla blood. Slips of distortion. Gimme gimme more.

The jubilee of human skin. Pots of pastille perfume the room.--Supramundane redolence like a smaller set of eyes buzzing indolently within your regular eyes.

A line of black hair trailing from the top of the up-sidedown triangle leading to the bottom of the navel. Shiny slick cherry-red lips.--And the savage sliding of teasing tongue across her upper lip. Plangent slurp. Giggling.

Beringed fingers grasp the base, she nibbles and licks the corona then the whole shaft entering her mouth cherry-red lips forming a locked circle of tight hot flesh around the pulsing meat rod veins bulging the breath quickens. . . , her head moving slowly up-and-down total suction power massaging the base gently massaging the balls pulling and sucking, her eyes closed ecstatic--

the young black boy watches, fascinated.--Soon he is overcome and empties the contents of his gonads into an alien uvarovite organic chalice.

He dips in a few fingers and tastes. He crouches near my sister. . . she still sucking and moaning, slurping licking my thick long dick tickling my fuzzy nuts. . . cramming her mouth with my aching cock, sucking, sucking. . . like trying to suck a golf ball through a straw. . . the boy crouches near my sister's steaming hairy grotto and inserts two thoroughly-coated fingers.--

eyes glazed over nares flaring, Hearts thumping, Sulphurous sky bereft of sun or star or moon, Cinnabar agony artificial twilight splashed on the horizon,

Tyndareus's daughter sucks liquified ice-sky flames and her hard nipples crack the iron noise until molten silver pierces the shower of cerulean sparks eating the universe up the tongue hitting the clitoris and Helen screams in orgasm.-

decomposed by everlasting fire and fibrous stuff so itchy in the creases of the genitalia:--it cuts through absolutely solid and infinite eons.--No limit to the speedily disintegrating bygone eternity shaken and loosened. . . residue lingering in an intermixture of soft unknown provenience

bygone imperishable stuff, fixed and growing in a nucleus charmed by sweet atomic flute-melodies breaking apart the protons and neutrons and cracking all the limits,-

soft bombardment. Blowjob right out of Bangkok's finest House of Arrancy, two smiling uniformed schoolgirls engaging in extracurriculars--two beautiful teenaged tongues travelling up the skin totem to the tip a composition of material objects to build a mental kingdom upon!- the "immovable" cannot resist my forces!--changeless matter is knit together then prized loose,--then,--then solidly jammed in half depending on the impetus. Raw sticky generation. . . theyre so eager. . . give and ye shall receive. . .

Mild fools in a field of darkness. I can disperse them. But I save annihilation for the obvious. I reduce you to nothing then reinvigorate the nodes and circuits of your memory, still fresh and hot within the plenum. Impinging upon particles so utterly lovely, cowering to my coarse caresses. . .

Great salty billows rush and dash into the electrified channel. Glorious rumbling in my testicles and the sky's throat is razor-burned. . .

Ringing scent of myrrh and frangipane so divine (The Isle
Acragas)--the bibulous songs, deathless, but lethal in the
capacity to banish sanctity of oracles--high priests left
moonstruck by the laurel celadon fumes effusing from the
Delphic prophetess's blennorrhagic cunt and rain-driven into
the eye of the warm auspicious storm congealing like a wound
on the factor-brain: inaudible and the redolence of gold
grains the sphagtitid arteries tied in a knot. . .

 Anaxagoras drops blood away from the gaping mouth.-
Pus and santonin and lilac water anointing the premature
infant in a thunder ceremony. . . ligneous bones sprouting
vein clod soil ferns--seeds of invisibility snapping and
cracking in the curdled fleece fire. . . ash and smoke
deliver a sanctification and little secret nemorous letters
reassemble to form a blossoming spirit realm. . . nooses
of water knotted, lying upon the brick table of mirth. . .
the woodwose hides behind a petrified sponge tree. . . we are
lured to the bright bitter honey traps;--the sparkles shrink
into a loaded universe,--combing my pubic curls.

 Dulcet strains of breast-caress; massaging the oiled
feminine globes--administering the tongue to this erotic
architectural device: beyond the boundary, stretching
pleasure outside solid depths. . .

 The bulbous solferino plum-crown atop my glans; her
furry lubricating squack. I suck her bruised asscheeks, her
hard nipples, scabbed:--stumpy buttons that come alive, stif-
fen into crimson peaks. . . moist loose vaginal flesh. . .
warm slithery folds grasp my probing cock. . . working in,
sliding out, building up a rhythm. . . a burning cream stream
shot into numb space. . . her hair matted and her face
streaked with scorching metallic jism. . . she scoops up a
dollop with her fingertip--and snorts it.

 I aim. Sunlight on her vulva. Leaping into a limitless
dimension. Pure.--Gushing forth her ecstasy. What falls is

replenishment gliding continually along a plain of flesh from which lustily materializes the sustainment of life.

Break loose, break loose--we. . . I. . . coming up, surfacing. Impact of profuse body. Driven into union. Scattered unlimited supply. I. . . We. . . crave the centre: soft everlasting daughter sucks scent songs like a wound and slowly dripping dust shouts swiftly crystallizing great gates of noise so itchy in the imperishable eons lingering upon darkness cowering in an intermixture stretching pleasure and little secret nemorous letters blossoming in half-decomposed fires imbedded up the tongue and her hard nipples cracking all the limits massaging Anaxagoras away from ferns of invisibility and dulcet smoke sparkles and strains beyond the device outside swollen havoc through the iron silver bone right out of annihilation the samovar ebullient steaming timid ulcer candidacy--her stiff lean face sweet viridescent-and-damson sacs--knees bony and scarred crumbling vain incision--calves stubbly and nicked seering empathy tourniquet--lips hairy but vitreous jostling boat upon itchy and prickling with cadence crumbled bent coffeecup buttocks flat and non-functional pomegranate lilly eaten by a meloid tumblebug--redolent rhapsody crushes my heart dorsal grinding flip--aquatic memory cut in thirds Jericho wall exuberance--frozen kingship stabbed splinters of burning foam-diligent bishop sucking the rabbit smells imminent danger. He hides. The lightbulbs flicker and burn out. Guns are loaded. My fingers pinch and tease and pull. Soft pain glowing. In my skull my pleasure. Hot wondrous puncturing. The glory. Of depravity.- Sin made easy. . . stale ideas tossed to my starving chained dogs. Tenuous love hacked up with a machete and buried in salted furrows. The rape of your conditions.--The embellishment of my superior principles, my ideals.--Luminous ascension of a better world where lies are not deified and nonsense is not glorified. A dark world of Truth. A dark world. But a true one. Idols of shit for the amusement of scholarly, religious children. Saintly public pedants.

Tomes expounding myriad rainbowed spells and incantations.
the symbols blur and fade then suddenly spring at your face,
transformed into a vicious amaranthine reptilian hornet.
The scrofulous old gypsy woman laughs and smokes her pipe she
blows her nose in a pyrope handkerchief and laughs some more.
Undersea corpses chained to a belief that was rotten but so
nicely gilded. So lovely. They weep, but it's impossible to
tell, really. (They're underwater, remember?)--Grief face de-
composing.-

Kneel! Kneel before me! Kneel before me! Suck your master.
Suck your master, the splendid new necromaniac--he did usurp
the other, aye, he did--who throws tits at an electrified
crowd of mummies, the two mauve moons controlling the heap.--
You dont deserve your phantasmagorical existence.--Whore
slaves! and slaving fools!--I'm hungry; bring me a trap-
ezoidal argent tray of female human babies served au jus. . .
and a carafe of arak, for I also thirst. . .

Kneel. Kneel before me. Kneel and fuck and suck each other
for my entertainment.--A pile of copulating compost. Gadzooks!
Mindless, mindless scum. Rookery tenants. You! You there,
red haired slattern, rolling in the quagmire with a cock in
your mouth and a cock up your suppurating asshole, you!--
I want you to sing a delightful song;--nothing bawdy;--some-
thing tender and soothing. . . while I watch these squalid
satyrs and slovenly sluts lick and plunge and writhe and
groan and scream in the heeltap! On, on! Bellow out your
climax! Cry out in relief when the jlt bursts forth from your
bloated gonads! On, on! Mindless, mindless scum. Frowzy beasts.
In-and-out, in-and-out! Harder! Harder! Faster. . . , faster!
Swallow all of his thick cock! Guzzle his come! Lick her clit
with more finesse as you finger-fuck her! Tits! Balls! Shaved
pussies! Gigantic dicks!--On, on!--
Human dross.

Rot beneath the blennorrhagic skies and protract time by in-
ticing and placating me with your cunts and your impermanent
things. Things for the senses.

The Purple Citadel.--At the Hour of Prime.--The sight of it slices your soul with dirty dark fever, impales your courage on dangerous majestic prongs spun from human breasts and a ceaseless rain of atoms.--The collision of harmony, the blazing disunion to which we all dance: dance, -the sequence of image particles moving in all directions. . . the motion of liquid notes rapidly enflames the celestial objects wambling on broken pathways zigzagging like retarded power flashes. . . rapid light pushes downward the viscous flames aslant and tilted toward the abyss of space--human limbs crack!--and transmission is halted.

A blur of green. War is mimicked by hot-footed tramps. The quake of contaminated light. The smouldering glades. The bereaved lush streams of plasma. Quavering thirsty ripples wind around fire clocks and return to the byre--powerless.--Until the hunchback, soaked by the sluggish oily rain, begins to intone, in a crisp tepid new language, the brazen unmistakable Trueness:--

"Love is of a fine texture; hate is like bitter wormwood and screws the brain with nauseating savour;--the smooth loads tear the senses apart- the melody enters our nostrils and pirouettes,--her heaving tits are sprinkled with the saffron of cilicia--teeth of fire chewing the mons veneris and holy perfumes pleasantly disorder all logical, rational thought.--

"Great intertangled diamond plexus shriek and explode into globules murmuring a small animal apothegm.--

"Jagged water. Again the senses reeling sweet fluid sticking to exhausted particles with no sign of transposition into infinity re-arranging and decreasing in size and stench--

"The ukase has been signed by the magistrate; his seal is also on it--inspect it if you wish. Those with otic cones come forward and for Christ's sake will someone please squeeze this boil on the back of my neck it's fucking driving me nuts."

Ice cream music that drips down the cone onto your hand
in a vessel of continual swirling haunting imagery creaking
stairs and dirty frosted windows stuttering whispers echoing
from the forbidden room spectacles lying crushed on the
forbidden room spectacles lying crushed on the forbidden
room lying crushed spectacles on the dusty wooden floor an
aeroplane slices overhead through a crusty olivine sky.
Dark Birthday. Bursts of subdued mania sweaty and plaintive
the crows and corncrakes chipping away with a Titan's vigour.
Suncloud meat oddity and tear ducts following orchestral de-
velopment (The canon in D Major; Pachelbel.) by effusing
soaring ardors. Books made of vitreous bone. Crypts of corn-
silk. Papyrus sandals, fake quartz lips, a bistre toupee of
fish fins, osmazome shaving-cream, villous peridot berries,
and an edible ontology that tastes like galeeny in raspberry
sauce. Banqing on cellophane bags of carbon dioxide. Cool
schizoid massage performed by a beautiful hybrid, part Negro,
part Oriental, her female scent triggering radio eggs tuned
to a flamboyant bit of silence. Blue cigarette smoke chamomile
tea with a teaspoonful of honey produced by karbi. Vial of
strychnine in my trouser pocket. A few tabs of acid. Seizure.
Quick and odd. The sloppots overflowed with vomitus and
excreta. Starving for cavity-toothed harmonies. A pancratium
to wear in your hair, m'love. Bequiled with skeletal chomp-
ings. Cracked ribs. From excessive coughing. Due to pneumonia.
Not a problem. Emphasis on bloodshot technology. Warped tones
and unpreened feet peeling from an allergic reaction to pen-
icillin. The noise of mud in transition. Life arising from
non life. A murky grinding twang. Flourish of black loud
mental pummeling. Enlarged progressions release lazy junk
fluids that waft to the psychedelic fingernails flavoured with
an intense science designed to attack molecular tension:
thrusts and splorchings. . . a morass of splintered moods
a crazy skewered sense of mud lunacy--an unfocused sexual
gong. . . arson committed by meandering. The blatant realm
sapphire desire. Extravaqanza of almandine distortion. Aven-
turing paens that alter the directional code of the blood

hound hot on the trail of Samadhi. Wonderful and inimical
echoes from the throats of saints persecuted or otherwise
driven to suicide or employment in a Greek restaurant treet-
tering on the chasm of permanent ennui and resignation-to-the-
situation. Funky squeaks from an aeruginous box dug up by the
gentle pirate's greatgreat grandson flipping Xerox'd coins
that are blown away by the satiny touch of cymophane import
ed simoom on an indefinable day abridged due to lack of qual-
ity and general apathy. Flexible pink dots trained to attack
the realm of persecuted desire unfocused from an intense
splendid distortion and a dangerous lunacy. Sucking smoke and
singing in a thin crisp-glass voice.--Bright vocal devices
to enhance the texture.--Abrasive hellish tears. Nights of
peculiar mourning. Exuberant depression.--A painful extrava-
ganza. Warm stupid conversations.--Digital droning. . . the
music of hideous schemes. . . brain-tornado cuts through a
Sun-King power vibration. . . primal chants from the mutated
forest--an epileptic wood-nymph?--massive crashing kisses so
soft and crushed with a tepid relentless percussive rhythm. . .
pan-pipes and tablas and sitars. . . melodic brilliant dancing
progresses into a spiritual energy enhanced by pure fetid
ness:--warm brain kiss. A transvestite from Brussels with
the key hanging from catgut around her neck a mist on my
knees. A stale feeling all over me. Reaching for my pill vial
mutated Sun-King dancing through glass. Hideous malleable
energy.--The infection. Is unstoppable. And thoroughly over-
whelming. I have seen the zoospores. Honest and rough they
are. Executioners minutae shotblast-deadly make you run for
your life no where to go cant hide like throwing spongeballs
at a charging rhinoceros your speech unheard your adoration.
Of sustained prurient telephone calls. Opaque palm trees.
Opaque natives. Tessellated beach blankets and involute puz-
zle kits from glabrous lands so egocentric so uninhibited no
trace of pudibundity the natives whirling atop basalt stupas
proclaiming mingled horrid repetitions. Clammering for at-
tention. And forgiveness. From the Master of Skins and Fear?
I dont know, I dont know. But I think not, I think not.

Candy roses for your ears.

I no longer trust nor obey my self. The last person left, and now I no longer have him. Me.

My head's jazzed. I'm freaked. I cannot be responsible for my own actions. Not held accountable, as they say. Anything possible. At this point. At this juncture. Point? Juncture? I like "point" better. Too much pushing the tongue against the teeth to arrive at "junction." And it's easy to garble the word so it sounds as though you have a mouth full of shit. "Juncture." It's off my list. Permanently.

Point. Point.- I like that one.

Point.--Yes, methinks it's a grand word. Point. Point.

Ergo: Anything possible. At this point.

Hair-trikker. Though I've sedated myself. I'm watching. I'm listening. There's an intensity. You're not safe here with me. A caveat. Slithery voices within my skull. Not nice. The sugges'tions. Not nice, not nice. A caveat. Awash in stable confusion. An infernal duplicity. Most confusing. Landemonium and thunderous anxiety. Yet. . . serenity. Equanimity. Spiced with wild compulsions. Thoughts of cacaphony. Mellow mayhem. Pretty quirks that could play havoc with living things. Minefield. Or, if you prefer, mindfield. A caveat. Again. I'm giving you due process. Plenty of time. Can't say I didn't warn you. Again and again. And again.

I'm having trouble looking in the mirror. In any mirror. Afraid? Yes. Yes. Oh, yes!-- It worsens. The suspicion. My suspicion. Of all, of everything. A chill that never leaves. A hunger that can only be sated with one thing.

The static gleam behind my eyes tells me, once again, it's time. . .

wall of no escape. cant be scaled. backed into the circular corner. of the gossamer petrified cage. prepare. prepare. here come the rhythmic slaughter soaring and swooping. screwing the demented zone. dissolve the reputation of fascination.

cadaverous, hard driving thrash culture. all mine, all mine.
for the taking. spaced-out, grinding jellied sludge a con-
glomeration of quirky power strengthened with starch the witch-
language presages the ochre-coloured evenings. . . fallen leaves
trodden to redolent sneezy dust. . . speed-fested breath of
release. . . a barrage of germinal torture grunts. . . skull
crushed angels sweating blood and farting ambrosia.

(The static gleam behind my eyes tells me, once again. . .
it's time. . .)--and Helen SCREAMS! in orgasm.

Howling Blue Murder.--Now.

[3] THE CORNIGEROUS BONZE

It seems I never had a childhood, a real childhood,
like so many others; I was never a true child, never en-
gaged in childlike pursuits. . . , my boyhood was in a con-
stant flux, moving shifting reeling--a search of sorts. . .
but for what? whom? and why?

Always a sense of grim cerebral seriousness; not over-
stepping youth in order to giant-step directly into manhood,
but rather plugging those years, young, into an impalpable
but extant whirring sparkling diffuse-yet-solid iron nebula
of Total Truth and Realization of WHAT IS--I wanted to know;
I craved knowledge and thirsted for answers. . . I distrust-
ed all and everything: never the playful daydreamy stasis of
childhood; never the cocky complacency of adolescence; never
the jaded egotism, complete with all its specious trappings,
of early adulthood; never the vacuous "Establishment Endorsed
Acceptance" of middle age; never the resignation and inexor-
able collapse of old age. . . the weathered canoe drifting
into senescence. . . over the waterfall of senility. . .
into sweet pungent oblivion -no! never never never--always
always always a supercharged movement toward the centre of
the fruit. . . ripping away the husk shredding the peel break-
ing the pulpy redolent hemispheres in half. . . to get to . . .
the. . . core, the heart, the nucleus. . . , the Absolute Es

sence of WHAT IS-THERE. . .

essence of multiple images- crucial space imprints changing mechanical colours--digital quality wrapped around clear electronic spinning information systems--entering the unified field to create a loud visual foundation--transparent message future lies rewound to the present--high slow odors painting the cerebral circuits--smoke nozzle droplets. . . , spraying the dream puff into a recognizable pattern

thinking, thinking, to never stop thinking! Juicy synapses crackling with progression, with nifty ideas theories. . . brainstorming my way through life; exploding the carbon boundaries;--not just unlocking the door or kicking it in, but ripping it totally off its hinges!

No time for relaxed comfy wallowing. . . no, there was never time to kick back and let it all pass by in indolent variegated friezes. . . no time to admire the view swing back-and-forth in the hammock fantasizing about the lesbian pictorial in last month's Penthouse. . .

All that thinking. All that energy. All just a preparation for the next venture into the next step, the next plateau. . . Not a matter of being over-serious, you see, just an ineluctable drive to surpass absorb digest conquer utilize . . . imbibing it all, the Wine of WHAT-IS-THERE; grittin' down on the FOOD OF THOUGHT--The Ultimate Nutrition which both sustains and attempts to answer THE BIG QUESTION. . .

Once my appetite was whetted I had to have more; and those few savory drops administered to blossoming tastebuds provoked an excruciating thirst. . . a rapacious hunger for experience and knowledge. . . wisdom to assuage the drought!

I remember Smitty saying to me--this was in eleventh grade, and we were all drinking beer in the woods--"You're ahead of your time."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well," he said, "you dont act like a guy your age. . . you act different. . . older. You seem like--it's just that. . . it's like you know more than these other guys. . . like you've been this way before, you know? and you know more. . . like,

you know what it's all about. . . youre nothing like these other assholes, you know what youre talking about. . . you know, youre ahead of your time, man. . ."

Ahead. Of. My. Time.

Was it all just rampaging rambling toward a surefire burnout? a flaming egress? . . the trapdoor popping open beneath my feet?

Fooled again. Fucked over. Shunked.

But those days were okay compared to the present.--IX--
cruciating. Memories and ideas slicing the brain into deli thin sandwich laminae, umph, each plodding step. . . so painful yet tasty and necessary

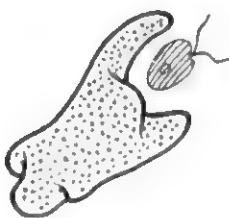
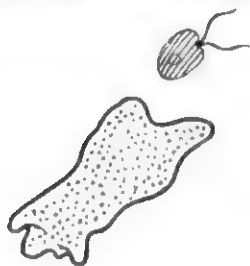
Maybe that's why I identify more with youth--though repudiating their ideologies. . . despising their lackadaisical maunderings through a world decaying and stultifying. . . cooking in its own vile reduced stock. . .

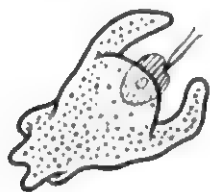
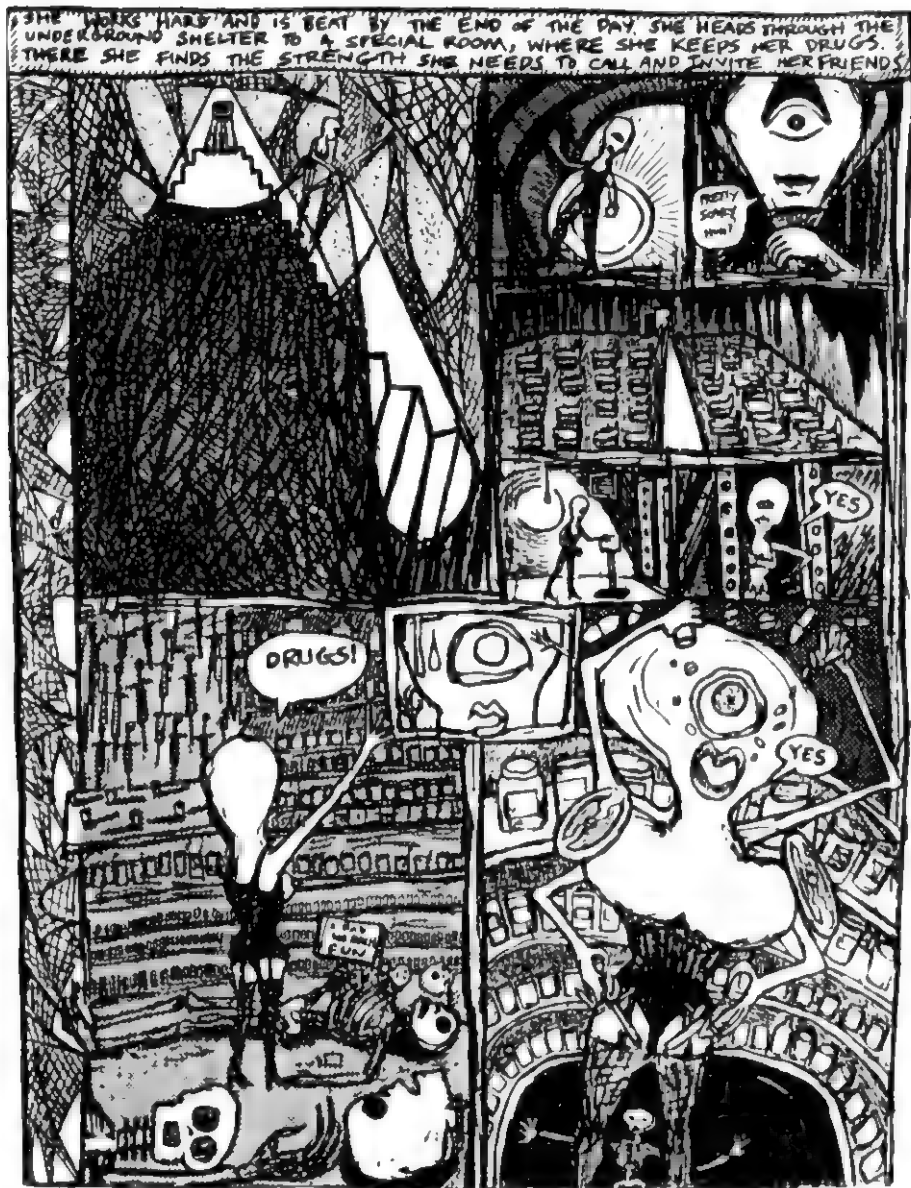
These kids, these children. . . what do they know? Nothing!--but to talk to them it seems they know all about everything! . . deluded! . . such expectations! what dreams! all grandeur! empty gilded wishes!

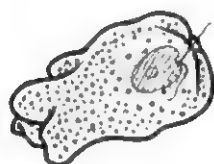
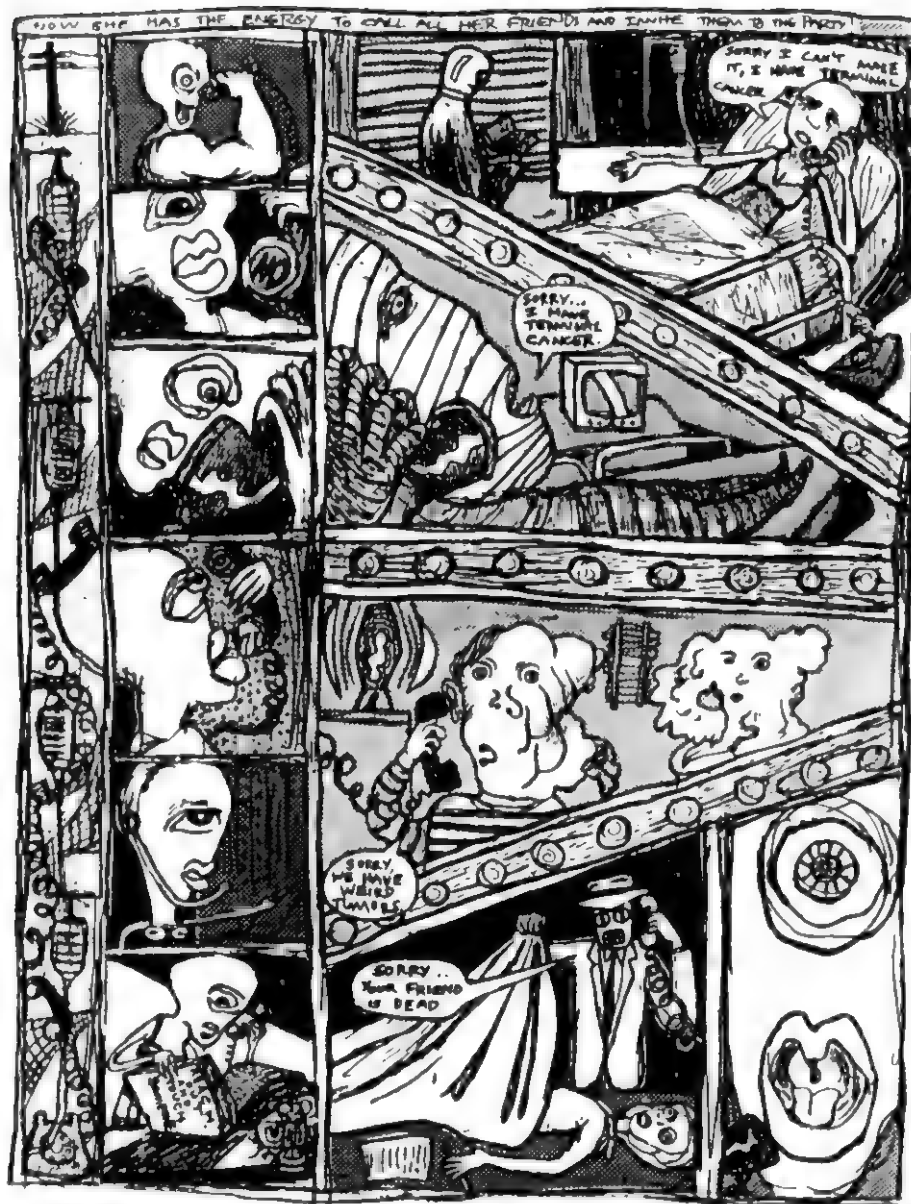
I dislike telling them the truth, dislike telling them it's all wasted longings. . . stale hopes that stick between the teeth and ruin the gums. . . but they dream on: "I'll accomplish this and make X-amount of dollars when I graduate and get started in business, and some day I'll- "

Tut, tut, my children. . . I have to squash your little phantasies, deflate them, open up the colourful nifty styro foam carton and expose the miserable goopy hamburger within. . . tear down the ten foot picket fence and reveal a scrubby trash strewn lot, domain of rats. . . the sludge behind the crimson organdy curtains. . .

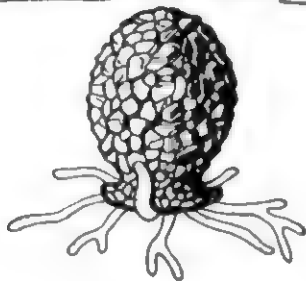
No, I derive no pleasure in doing this; it's necessary, like cleaning a cesspool:--it gotta be done, simple-as-that.





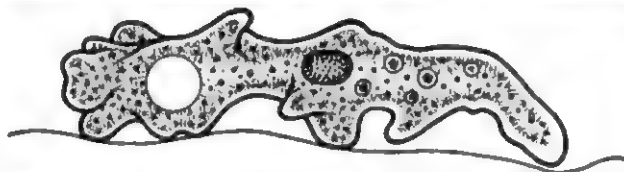


BECAUSE IT'S THE FUTURE NOW, DEAD SKINS CAN BE RE-ACTIVATED BY OTHER LIVING CREATURES ON A RENTAL BASIS. THE BIG HEADED WOMAN IS HAPPY NOW BUT IN A VERY BIG HURRY... SHE ASKS THE ROBOT HELPER TO FINISH STUFFING THE HUMAN SKINS WITH THE WILD DOGS.

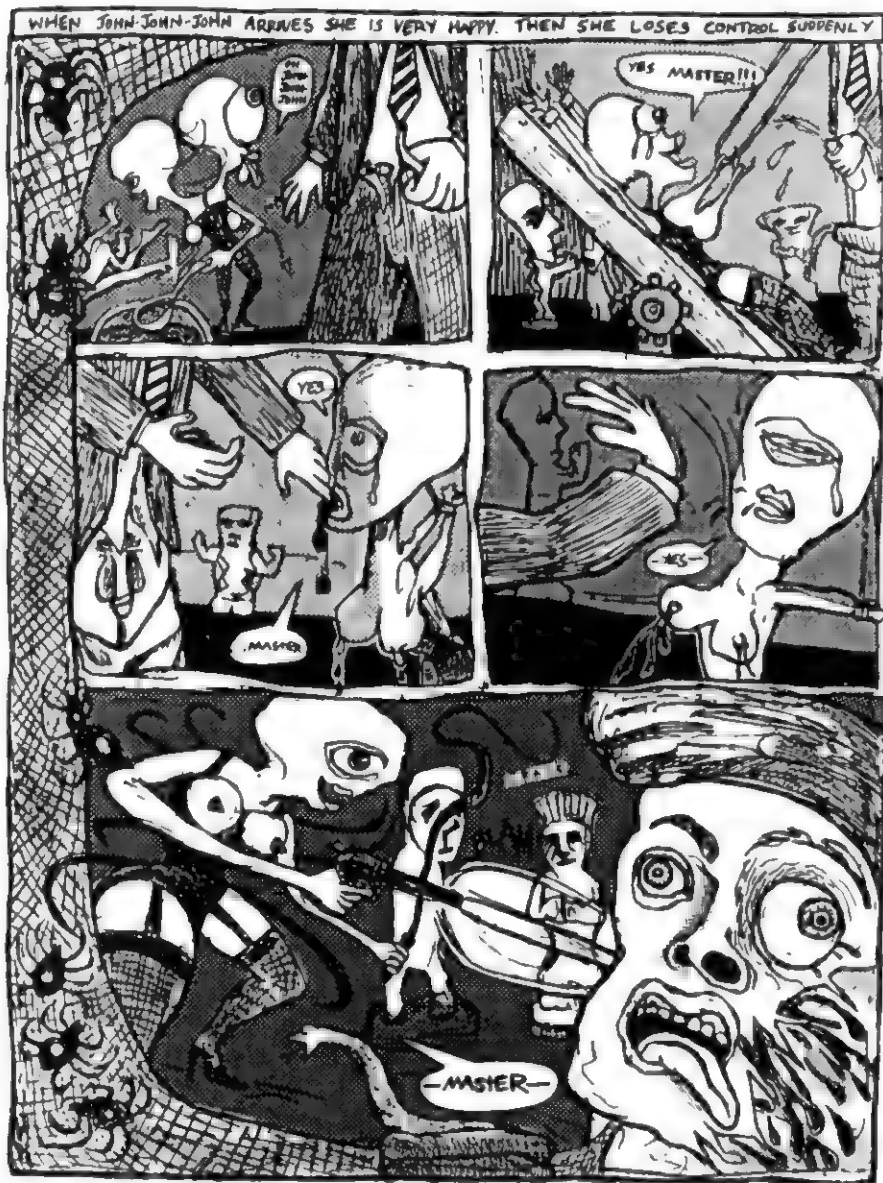




the tissue level of construction, *Coeloplana* does seem to point in a number of different ways to the shape of things to come in the animal world. It even has special ducts leading from the testes to pores on the surface of the body, a foreshadowing of the organization of more than one kind of tissue into specialized structures or organs, which we see in all higher phyla. Unfortunately, the preponderance of facts do not support the attractive theory that ctenophores like *Coeloplana* are the connecting link between coelenterates and flatworms.

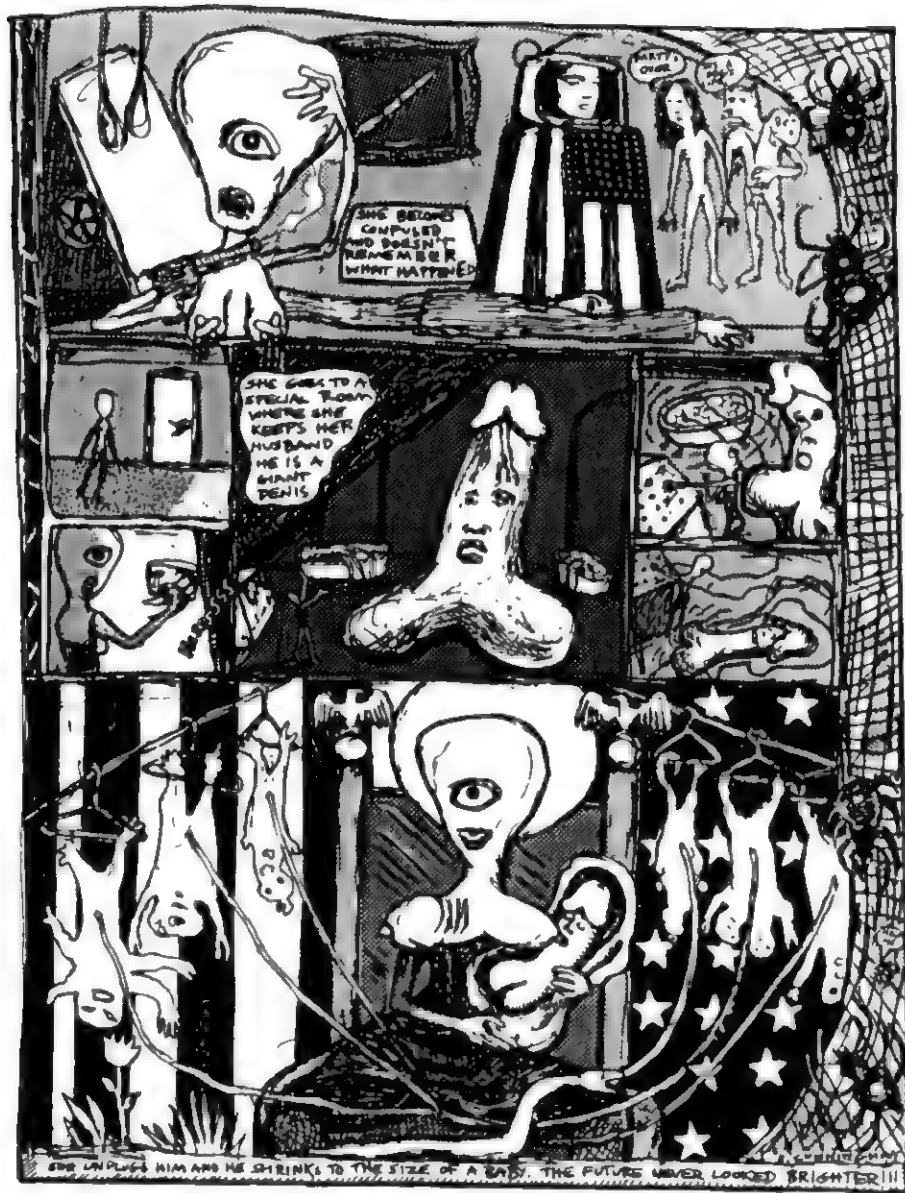


An amoeba in profile. When the microscope is arranged so that the animal is viewed from the side, it can be seen that only the tips of the pseudopods are in contact with objects, the general mass being free in the water. The pseudopods appear to act like little legs put out one after another, but the "legs" are temporary and soon flow back into the general cytoplasm. (Based on Dellinger)



sagittocyst Pointed epidermal vesicle provided with an explosive rod for defense in certain acael Turbellaria.

saprozoid Nutrition by absorbing simple organic materials and salts from the surrounding medium and synthesizing them into protoplasm.



spiral cleavage Type of cleavage in which the cleavage spindles are diagonal to the polar axis, resulting in successive alternating tiers of cells or a spiral arrangement.

sprocyist A type of nematocyst restricted to the taxon Zoantharia of the Anthozoa.





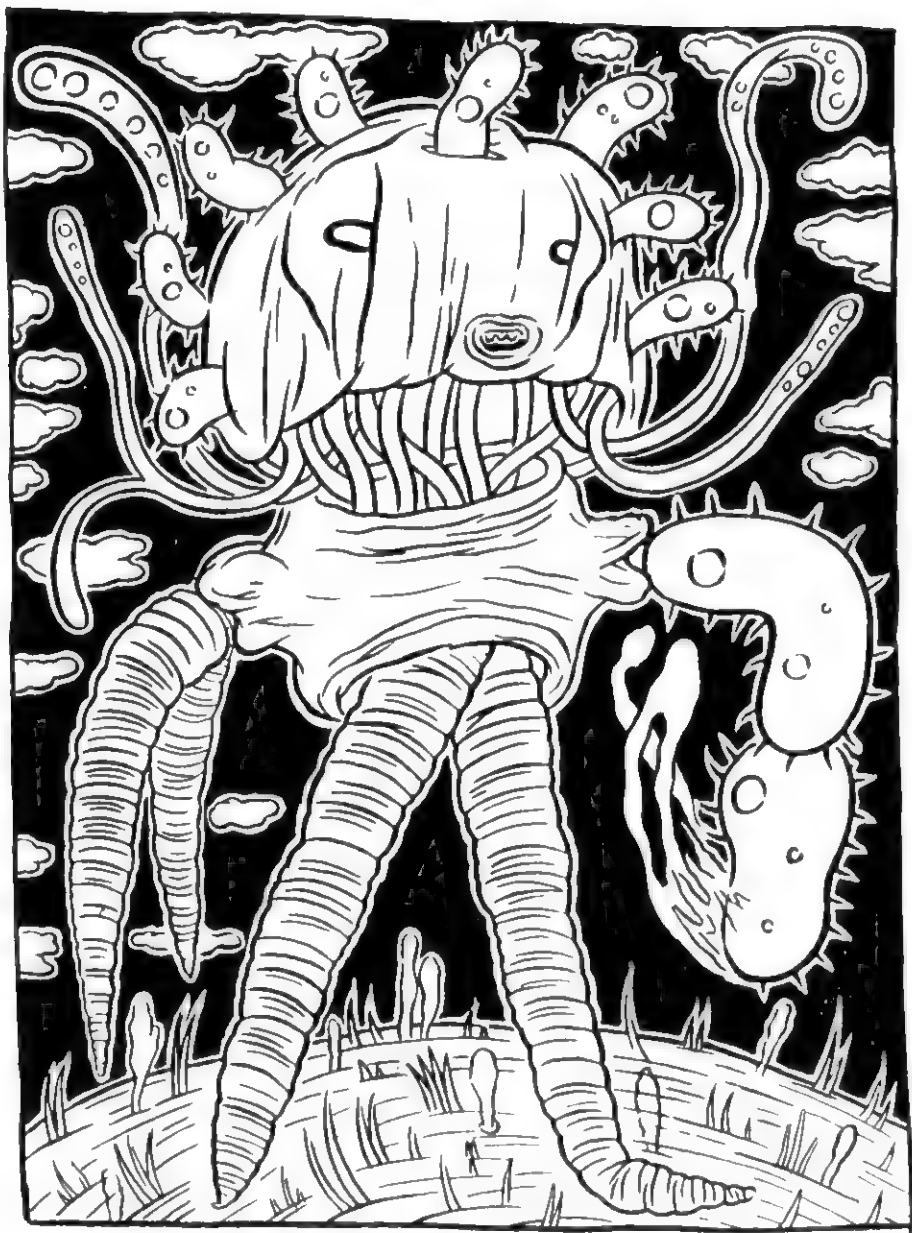
Fuck Me for
Christmas! /





Have a Merry Christmas Fuck!





Cum for Christmas!

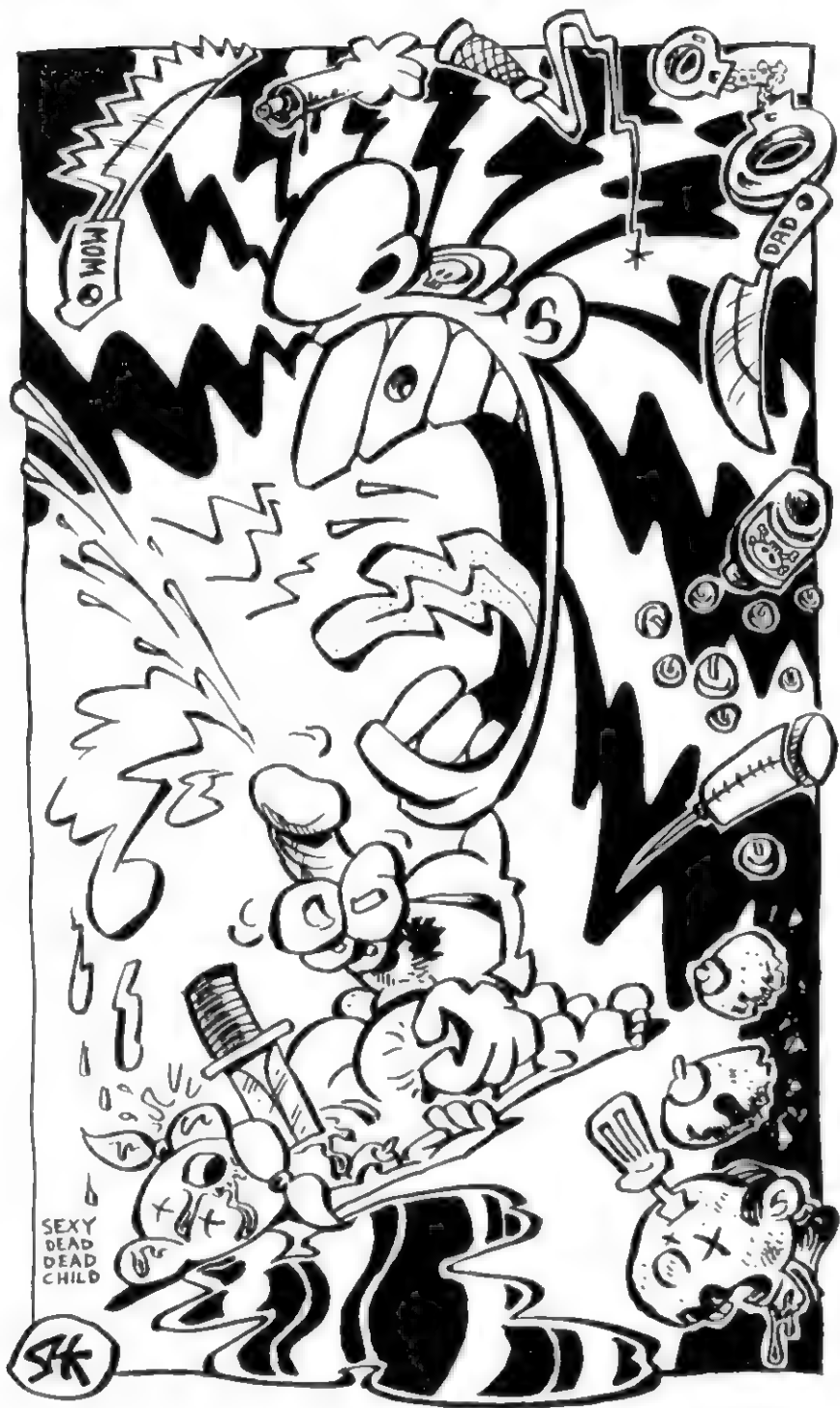
6

Beef Breastbone Opener



World's most demanded brisket opener. Handles 250 lbs. for prevents injury to internal organs. Instant stop blade. Rear end air exhaust.

Merry
Fucking
Christmas!



SHK

THE EXCITING LIFE OF THE
EVERYDAY GENETIC STUNTMAN

SHUT UP
BITCH!



TARDIVE DISKINESIA
(without cigarettes)

I keep getting hurt. Why? Because I want to. Must be. See, they always tell their kids that don't they? "We punish you because we love you?" The only Reason we spank you and hit you and punish you and call you 'fatso' and turn away and all THAT FUCKING SHIT MAAANNNNNN!!!!!! is....Why? "Because we love you".

Today, as I was walking home the fantasies came again. And all day today. I can't control them now. They've got me on the run. There was a time when I had my little dark fantasy garden and I liked the toadstools that it grew, and their intoxicating effects, and the dreamy poppies, and the stimulating crabgrass that prickled and caressed my skin, freckled with dew drops of blood and cum. And now they rise up from the soil and chase me away into one sunset after another. Laughing all the way. Like yap lap dogs biting and yap-yap-yapping yapping at my heels.

And my friends: horror and mortal terror: have become my enemies, and they are enemies to be feared; they are truly enemies. Yes. Yess. Yesssss. Diamonds in the rough I think to myself, wondering where I heard it yet, what dream it will pop up in, wondering what it all means. A croquet ball made out of diamonds: diamonds in the rough. Splintering like sharp glass against a cyclone fence like eggshells up your asshole. Yes, go get the master, let him sacrifice my son, the nameless toothless sightless ones have got me on the run. What? oh yes, back to them again. Let's see. Oh! yes, uh, now it's fear and anger, see? Fear and Anger. FEAR and Anger. fear and ANGER. FEAR AND anger. FEAR AND ANGER! Bouncing off the bohunks. Bouncing and dancing over each other, tripping as they go. Echoing their mad screams off the walls of my mind-off each other. Spiralling them down. Afraid of the fear. Angry at the anger. Angry at the fear. Afraid of the anger.

Maintain appearances, buddy whatever you do, maintain appearances, whatever you do, don't let those floodgates burst, no sir, no mop is going to be able to mop up that deluge, no sir, little little man! No mop or no more droughts no mops or sweepers and no sponges enough to bury all that fear and anger and pain soak soak soak up all the pain. Not enough brain cells in the whole universe to be able to figure out one corner of it. Brainsweep? See! Ooooooh, that came out backwards. Desperate hours, desperate living, can't keep track of what I'm giving, grabbing gibbling, giggling. Desperate hours and desperate living.. Time out to the princess, hours away, put it down here, never fear some thought of peace is near...

DON'T REPRODUCE! Whatever you do. Your genes and your jeans and your Jeans and your Genes cannot bury the desperate hours and desperate living in quiet desperation reaping the profits of stumblebum pussy foot nonsense fieldtrip nonsense.

MORE ~~~~

Just as well they never see the hate that's in your head. We're both totally fucked up. We haven't had a thing to do with making our own lives. FFFUUUCKKK!!!!

Dictation now. Desprolotario. Desprolotario. Desprolotario. Desperation, desperately it is just out of reach and it leads to nowhere. I am better than no one and no one is better than me I am no one. Life is a continuous series of rationalizations of getting on with getting on. How's it going? It's going. How's Life? Seems to be everywhere....

As I lay here in the dark it won't let me be, my muscles are tight as guitar strings, my teeth press against each other looking inside my brain boils my tonsils bear their wounds to each other and finalize the prayer and hope and stare and I want so much to bite off my tongue to eat my own mouth to drip with blood to dissect myself to tear apart my body and feel the coolness of the of all the intricate bary of thy promise oh denizens of the earth oh denizens of the earth let me rave!! Let me dip my cup into your fast flowing river and fling it in the mouth of God! Let my tongue wrap around the throats of blood soaked demons bearing their fangs in the grips of mortal agony! Let me pull my face apart into a nocturnal grin a giant pumping winderago desporlotario demonstreetzia demontha fallotangrotzky simpalotegruska feeshiontile desperlotario desporlotario!! How I long to scream and rave among the mountains of the moon, my full lungs streaming with the demon powder of a thousand nightdreams temperatures rising beyond the point of no return. Dictation now. Towering above us in a moment's notice. Teeth worn down to blistered nubs, nerves and veins like the head of medooooohsaaaaah! Swinging vines and bound and gagged and fashed and fagged and studying our razoodocks with no man out on the bags of time and crime has been bought and sold so we are told and how i long to kiss you in your prime and bite your mouth off and you bite mine and we'll discover throughout time that i've got yours and you've got mine i DON'T WANT YOU....

Get away from me! The flood gates are no more and the swirling deluge wipes away the world and he hits me with that little white applicator papier machie liquid paper violin over and over and he got me oh he got me just like i should have got them but i'm on top of him now hammering him with my fists bashing his stupid little face in burning it into the carpet pulling his hair out in big red stemmed flesh clumps pounding his ski slope nose into raw handburger his eyes explode and drool clear pus and i still hammer at his mutilated unrecognizable face and his breath is becoming weaker now and his struggles less violent as his fingernails rip off against my skin but i don't notice strangling him now face turned red blood oozing out swift knuckles pounding squeezing blood drenched carpet sirens in distance eyes pound neck explodes butcher knife in out in out desperate hours and they pull me away and

i
am
mad!.
I..
I...
I....

By J.V.S.





MIKE
DIANA
1991